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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS:

I. WILLIAM COBBETT,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	579
II. FORTUNE'S WHEEL. Conclusion,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	590
III. ON THE PLEASURE OF READING,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	600
IV. LONG ODDS,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	607
V. ON A FAR-OFF ISLAND,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	614
VI. BISHOP THIRLWALL,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	622
VII. TRY THE BAHAMAS,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	628
VIII. A FAROE FETE DAY,	<i>All The Year Round,</i>	634
IX. THE BANNATYNE CLUB,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	639

POETRY.

CARN-GLUZE (THE GREY ROCK),	578	SONNET,	578
SNOWDROP,	578	"DESULTORY READING,"	578

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

CARN-GLUZE (THE GREY ROCK).

GREY stones, and there be many such hereby,
Only a mouldering wall of granite grey;
But once we came here, sweetheart, you and I,
In an old world, it seems so far away.

In some old world, so far away it seems,
I scarce can think it was the same — so far,
The memory of half-forgotten dreams
Is not so strange as those lost summers are.

Yet not a single stone has changed his face;
The tinkling rivulet has the self-same tune;
And the old shadow fills the self-same place
Here in the dreamy golden afternoon.

And on the summer days the hush'd uproar
Of the wave's wash comes faint and far
away;

The white sea-fowl are wheeling by the shore,
The same that we saw once upon a day.

Well, you are dead, and I am here alone,
Time bringeth change to us as years roll on.
There is no pity in this hard, grey stone,
He will be just the same when I am gone.
Academy. C. G. FAGAN.

SNOWDROP.

THE time of Candlemas is here,
The holly wreaths are brown and sere,
And dead the mistletoe;
The birthday of the year is past,
The baby year that grew so fast
Through January snow.

The changeful year, so like a child,
That now is froward, now is wild,
Must turn to graver things:
The growing year has work to do,
The face of Nature to renew,
As in the bygone springs.

My darling with the laughing eye,
Put pretty toy and trinket by,
And nestle at my knee;
I promised once in merry hour,
That I would choose a special flower,
Thy token sweet to be.

Take thou thy token, it is here,
First blossom of the budding year,
A snowdrop green and white;
Take thou thy token, may it be
A messenger through life to thee
Of innocent delight.

It is the first-born of the flowers,
An earnest of spring's budding bowers
While yet the world is drear;
The little year's first timid gift,
When wintry skies begin to lift,
And working-days draw near.

Look, love, how fair it is, how pure,
How frail, yet able to endure

The winter's wildest blast!
Ah, child! be thy fast-coming youth,
White with the purity of truth,
In courage rooted fast.

The snowdrop comes when Christmas joys
Are past and gone, like broken toys
Put by in riper years:
May some white blessing, God-sent, crown
Thee, darling, when thou layest down
Thy childhood's hopes and fears!

Then take the snowdrop for thy flower,
God gift it with a magic power,
With meanings wide and deep!
Life may have roses red in store,
But in thine heart forevermore,
Thine own white snowdrop keep!
All The Year Round.

SONNET.

I, WHO have lived as if the blessed light
Were such a thing as needs must last away,
And so have left the thoughts I had to say
Until my mood and they were tuned aright,
Yet sometimes feel a pang of strange affright
Lest — all unheralded by twilight grey,
And slow, sweet fading of the pleasant day —
Death should drop suddenly the veil of night.

Oh! Death, bethink thee that my years are
young
And in my soul is still the breath of spring,
That the fair speech that trembles on my
tongue

Must die with me, a fruitless, still-born
thing;

Think of the many songs as yet unsung,
And all my lady's praises still to sing!
Academy. F. D. BLOMFIELD.

"DESULTORY READING."

SUGGESTED BY THE ARTICLE IN THE "SPEC-
TATOR" OF JAN. 2ND.*

O FINEST essence of delicious rest!
To bid for some short space the busy mill
Of anxious, ever-grinding thought be still;
And let the weary brain and throbbing breast
Be by another's cooling hand caressed.

This volume in my hand, I hold a charm
Which lifts me out of reach of wrong or
harm.

I sail away from trouble; and, most blessed
Of every blessing, can myself forget:

Can rise above the instance low and poor
Into the mighty law that governs yet.

This hinged cover, like a well-hung door,
Shuts out the noises of the jangling day,
These fair leaves fan unwelcome thoughts away.

F. M. P.

From The Nineteenth Century.
WILLIAM COBBETT.

THE lover of contrasts will find food for speculation in the year 1762. In the circumstances of their birth and education, in the economy of their lives, in the complexion of their thoughts, in their marriages, in the cares and troubles of every-day existence, and in their influence over their contemporaries, it would be difficult to discover two men more dissimilar than were William Cobbett and the Prince of Wales. In one condition only they shared, the abuse that was so freely lavished upon both of them. Cobbett was born on the 9th of March; his royal contemporary on the 12th of August. The first published a life of the second (his worst piece of literary work), and of both the fullest details have reached us. A train of courtiers and satirists has handed down to us, in verse and in prose, the vices and follies of the prince; while Cobbett, that he might not be unwept and unsung, never lost an opportunity of telling us every experience and every sensation of his life. He was his own Lockhart and Boswell. Whatever he writes about he illustrates by his own example. Compared to him, Lord Erskine and Montaigne are hardly worthy to be called egotists.

Egotism in conversation is difficult to escape from, and therefore distasteful, but in literature it is impossible to have too much of it. History has to be written to pander to our tastes in this respect. The movements of troops and the sieges of towns have little interest for us. What men paid for their breakfasts, what furniture they had in their houses, the relations between one class and another, these are the topics we wish now to have presented to us and enlarged upon. Fonblanque laughed in the *Examiner* at the growing disposition of the English for gossip, and at the way in which the minutest movements of the Duke of Wellington were chronicled; but the habit has grown upon us with a steadily increasing force, and society consists of an aggregation of children taking notes with a view to the publication of future biographies. It is not the fault of Cobbett if we do not know

how he was dressed, what he liked for dinner, what authors he despised, what pleasures he enjoyed. There are two classes of men of whom it is easy to speak with confidence; men who, like Savage or Gray, have left very little behind them, and whose work can be read in a few hours, and men who have turned out as many volumes as a carpenter might make chairs and tables during his life, and who have no chance of being read through in these post-diluvian days.

If, however, you can construct an animal from a fossil bone, twenty or thirty volumes should be sufficient to give some insight into an author's character, and enable us to judge of his literary powers, the breadth and usefulness of his aims, and the justice of his reputation. A critic would be bold indeed who asserted that such and such views were not to be found in Cobbett's writings. Exclusive of his newspaper, he wrote what he justly called a library, and he played the part of his own reviewer. "When I am asked what books a young man or a young woman should read, I always answer, Let him or her read all the books I have written." This does, it will doubtless be said, smell of the shop. No matter. If young men and young women followed his advice, their leisure was likely to be fully employed. Cobbett wrote enough to make a barricade with. Though he is remembered mainly as a politician, he was a very Proteus of trades and callings, and whether he speaks to us in the character of farmer or soldier, grammarian, gardener, forester, or moralist, he speaks with authority, and deserves our attention. Nowhere have we such exquisite pictures of rural manners and of lowly life, drawn by a man who made part of that life himself. All the instincts of the typical Englishman — the love of home, of early associations, combined with the most intense appreciation of natural objects and of scenery — are given to us in his pages with a charm that belongs to Cobbett alone. In after years he took his son to the little homestead that had been his home at Farnham, to show him the hop-gardens where he received his education. "The most interesting thing," writes Cobbett in his "Rural Rides,"

"was a sandhill where I and two brothers used to disport ourselves." "I and two brothers" is a characteristic touch worthy of the *Ego et rex meus* of the great cardinal.

Our diversion was this: we used to go to the top of the hill, which was steeper than the roof of a house. One used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock-frock and lay himself down with his arms by his sides; and then the others, one at head and the other at feet, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom his hair, eyes, ears, and nose and mouth were all full of this loose sand; then the others took their turn, and at every roll there was a monstrous spell of laughter. I had often told my sons of this while they were very little, and I now took one of them to see the spot. This was the spot where I was receiving my education, and this was the sort of education; and I am perfectly satisfied that if I had not received such an education or something very like it, that if I had been brought up a milksop with a nursery maid everlastingly at my heels, I should have been at this day as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester or Westminster School, or from any of those dens of dunces called Colleges or Universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sandhill; and I went to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to become one of the greatest terrors to one of the greatest and most powerful body of knaves and fools that ever were permitted to afflict this or any other country.

Education Acts were not yet! the boy lived in the open air, following the hounds on foot whenever they were within reach, returning home in the dark to go supperless to bed, and lucky if he escaped a flogging; or making a garden on the hillside by carrying handfuls of soil up the steep ascent, in his blue smock-frock like some Italian peasant, but observing and treasuring up all the time the details of rural life. This life in the last century before the war was a simple one and without many advantages which now would be thought necessities, but the large towns were not increasing at the expense of the agricultural villages. The clodhoppers and jolterheads, as Cobbett called them, formed part of the farmer's family, and there was a constant supply of labor to do

the work which cannot be done efficiently at all to-day. Small tenants were far oftener to be met with eking out their livelihood by the sale of honey and poultry, and enjoying rights of common and pasturage which by the increase of the population have been gradually lost to them. Many a landlord who has inherited these farms, now consolidated into one large holding, bitterly regrets the shortsighted policy that has made him dependent on the success of one man for his rent, instead of the industry of many. There was far less display of wealth. The yeoman with 800*l.* a year lived in a style far below the tenant farmer of to-day, sat down to dinner perhaps with his servants and lived in the kitchen in common with them; and woe betide the maid who dared to lay her hand to the sacred parlor floor, the province of her mistress. The farmer of 1886 would object to such a description of his condition as this:—

The farmer's cares are pleasing cares. His misfortunes can seldom be more than lessons; his produce consists of things wanted by all mankind; his market is a ready-money one. No day-books, bills, and ledgers haunt his mind. Envy, that accursed passion, can in a natural state of things find no place in his breast; for the seasons and the weather are the same to all; and the demand for his produce has no other measure than the extent of his crops. This way of life gives the best security for health and strength of body. It does not teach, it necessarily produces, early rising, constant forethought, constant attention, and constant care of dumb animals. Rural affairs leave not a day, not an hour unoccupied and without its cares, its promises, and its fruitions.

The details of Cobbett's early life are too well known for me to dwell upon them—his running away from home, his apprenticeship to an attorney, his enlistment, his service in the army, his marriage, his return to America, his contest with the Americans, and finally his return to England and his support of the government. We do not think of Cobbett as a Tory, attached to king and State, any more than we think of Burke and Pitt as Whigs, of Mr. Disraeli and the late Lord Derby as Radicals, or of Mr. Gladstone as a Conservative. Consistency, however, has never been expected or praised as a polit-

ical virtue, and English public opinion allows every man at least one change in his political career. It would not be wise to investigate too closely the causes that have in some cases led to these changes. No doubt, deep convictions of the necessity of this or of the folly of that measure have acted irresistibly on statesmen and have caused them to break away from those with whom their previous career has been associated. But social grievances have also been the motive power in many conversions, and in our own time exclusion from a club has not been without its effect.

Cobbett was a hero for a short time after his return, but Mr. Pitt took no notice of him, and refused to allow him to be presented to him. Whatever may have been the real cause, we have no reason to regret Cobbett's change of politics. He would have been ill at ease as a supporter of the government; his place was in opposition, and henceforth his pen was to prove the most merciless scourge of abuses, and a terror to public men for thirty years. We grumble at the slow process of our pet measures, and we are apt to forget in our impatience how long a period elapsed of vain and impotent complaints, and of futile agitation against laws, any single one of which exceeded in injustice the whole sum of all the inequalities that exist at the present day. It requires little courage now to be the exponent of unpopular opinions. A minority is only a minority for a short time, and will be the majority of to-morrow. There is no religious, no philosophical heresy which requires toleration, no lunacy indeed that attracts much attention, as long as it does not interfere with the comfort or the convenience of others. Martyrs are regarded as nuisances, and the world, as the result of long and painful experience, has arrived at the conclusion that persecution only aggravates the nuisance. This attitude has its influence upon the language of polemics, and it has been discovered that, partly owing to the fastidiousness of the public, partly owing to its incuriousness, hard words are of very little use. They break as few reputations as they do bones, and their recipients are

inclined to value them as a species of advertisement. When Swift suggested as a panacea for Irish distress the use of boiled babies as food, some of the public regarded his proposal as serious, and expressed its disapproval of the remedy. Were such a proposition to issue now, criticism would merely exhaust itself in considering what chances of competition there were to be feared on the part of the United States, and would not think it necessary to expatiate upon its immorality. Were the fabled Academy of Lagado situated in the West Riding, the opinions of the professors would obtain, especially at election times, a patient hearing, and the building of houses from the top downwards, and the method of ploughing by burying acorns and chestnuts eight inches deep, and then turning six hundred hogs into the field, would be deemed open questions, and not to be scornfully dismissed as being of an unpractical tendency, and as not being within measurable distance of solution. The Englishman, like the Corinthians, suffers fools gladly, gives his neighbor a hearing because he wishes for a hearing himself, and recognizes no finality in his desire for improvement. He has been subjected to so many changes, political, moral, and social, that he believes in a constant ebb and flow, out of which, nevertheless, he hopes to emerge, and to pass into some haven perfected and purified and to be at rest.

Cobbett began by attacking the fountain-head of abuses. It was against the borough-mongers that his newspaper thundered every week. All hopes of effecting a reform, of redressing abuses, were vain as long as the franchise remained unextended, and the greatest enemies of its extension were naturally those who owned pocket boroughs. A family seat was like a family living, and, though its purchase cost more than the latter, the perquisites were higher. The borough of Haslemere in Surrey was sold for 24,000*l.* to the Lowthers, by an apothecary and lawyer in the neighborhood, who cleared 6,000*l.* by the speculation. At Shaftesbury, an alderman appeared in the character of Punch, and conveyed twenty guineas through a hole in the door to such of the

electors as would take a bribe. There seems to have been no fixed price for a seat, and a fortunate man might sometimes buy one in a cheap market. If, however, we strike an average, 5,000*l.* appears to have been the fair price. In 1807, prices were ranging very high, as the king was buying up all that were salable out of his privy purse. Tierney offered 10,000*l.* for the two seats at Westbury, "a nasty, odious, rotten borough, a really rotten place," as Cobbett calls it in his "Rural Rides," but they were to be made the most of by trustees for Lord Abingdon's creditors, and his offer was refused. Ultimately, in this case a majority of the burgh-holds were offered for sale, by public auction, before a master in chancery. Westbury is an interesting borough, for it is mentioned by Mr. Hallam as affording the earliest precedent on record for the punishment of bribery at elections. The seat was sold by the mayor and corporation for the sum of 4*l.* to a Mr. Thomas Long, and the mayor was ordered to repay the money, though Mr. Long was not expelled the House.

The wonder is, considering the habit of trafficking, that a single virtuous borough should have existed. Sheridan was given 4,000*l.* by the prince regent that he might find himself a seat, but of course the money was diverted to other purposes. When Sir Samuel Romilly was without a seat in 1808, his friends made arrangements that he should represent Wareham, and we have the first intimation of a general fund being raised by the opposition (one already existed managed by the Treasury, to which law officers paid 500*l.* to secure re-election) to defray election expenses—a proceeding which has received great development during recent times. Mr. Calcraft was to be paid 2,000*l.* by Sir Samuel, and 1,000*l.* out of a fund started by the heads of the Whig party to answer extraordinary occasions. What appears objectionable to our ancestors becomes our common practice, and *vice versa*. Romilly was quite willing to pay the 2,000*l.*, but he would not take anything from his party. So the matter was arranged by his paying the whole 3,000*l.* to Calcraft. Romilly adds, in his diary: "I was elected. Though Mr. Calcraft has the entire command of the borough, he wished me to go down, which I accordingly did." At Knaresborough, however, the members never appeared, but some old pauper was chaired by proxy. Lord Lonsdale in one day caused fourteen hundred colliers to be made freemen of Car-

lisle. At Wendover we find mention for the first time of a gentleman who has been notorious enough at Yorkshire elections. The electors determined to revolt against the dictation of Lord Verney, the patron, and in their noble independence settled that two candidates should be chosen for the sum of 6,000*l.* According to this arrangement a gentleman was met by appointment by the electors a mile from the town. The electors asked the stranger where he came from? He replied, "From the moon." Then they asked what news from the moon? He answered he had brought 6,000*l.* from the moon to be distributed among them. The electors expressed their satisfaction at the news from the moon, and elected the candidates. The sinecures held in Hastings and Queensborough to secure the influence of the government cost the country 3,800*l.* a year. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Percival were accused by Mr. Madocks of having sold a seat for 3,000*l.* to Mr. Quentin Dick, and then having obliged him to resign when he ceased to support them. In these days an attempt on the part of a constituency to dictate to a member the views he should adopt and the votes he should give, often rouses excitement and anger. It not unfrequently happens that a member votes contrary to the opinions of his constituents, keeps his seat, and does not trouble his head about the matter. He must not, however, look back with longing to bygone days, for it must be remembered that in them if a man voted in opposition to his patron, he felt it his duty to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds as a consequence of his independent action.

Corruption was universal; 5,000*l.* was offered for a peerage and refused; 10,000*l.* was accepted. The price which the Duke of York's mistress received for a majority was 900*l.*; for a captaincy 700*l.*; for a lieutenancy, 400*l.*, and for an ensigncy 200*l.* Another lady of the same profession advertised that she was ready to dispose of places in every department of Church and State. It was very little use to punish offenders; the habit was ingrained through high and low, and Hercules himself would have failed in an attempt to cleanse such an Augean stable.

The expenditure was enormous. When Mr. Beaumont stood for Stafford (in 1826), his supporters went about the street, with a card inscribed "Vote for Beaumont," and a ten-pound note by its side, stuck into their hats. A man might well pause before he embarked in a contest of this

character. The great county of Yorkshire, I cannot help thinking, must have been singularly deficient in solicitors during the interval between 1741 and 1807, during which time the representation was uncontested. When, however, the contest did come, the electors made up for the laches of their predecessors.

When Stafford's heir and Baron Harewood's son

Their length of patriotism and purses run,
And each to win his country's favors told
A hundred thousand virtues set in gold.

Great fights, such as this, or the memorable contest in Northumberland, crippled the candidates for years, and many a mortgage dates its origin from election rivalries. When Mr. Marshall came forward for Yorkshire in 1826, the preparations for a contest which did not take place cost him no less than 17,000*l*. There is one interesting feature in the election literature of the beginning of the century which we miss to-day, viz., the evident value set upon the possession of scholarly attainments and classical knowledge. In the little biographies drawn up in some of the Parliamentary guides, some five or ten elegiacs are given, as an indication of the cultivated taste and acquirements of the member alluded to.

The House of Commons was then a better club than it is now. No one spoke who had not something to say. Lord Lowther and Lord Apschurpe paired for the hunting season on one occasion, and no lists were issued of the numbers of divisions in which members had taken part. Great men, or the greater barbarians as "The Spectator" pleasantly called them, were greater than they are now. Curates are obsequious in the presence of a patron of twenty livings, and candidates for Parliament must have looked with awe upon the possessor of eight or eleven seats. The country belonged to the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Lonsdale, as Sydney Smith said. One hundred and eighty men nominated three hundred and seventy votes in the House of Commons in 1821—two hundred and sixty-seven men returned four hundred and seventy-one members; the Treasury sixteen, making four hundred and eighty-seven out of six hundred and fifty-eight. Three hundred members were returned by places with less than five thousand inhabitants. The head of the Lowthers or the Manners or the Grenvilles could introduce his friends at any time into public life, and the safety of a

ministry might depend upon one man's support. The nominee kept his patron constantly informed of every political wind that blew in the capital, of every intrigue in the Cabinet. The patron was anxious to secure his dukedom or to be sent out to finish the Burmese war, and he expected his follower, whatever his duties of office might be, to devote all his energies to compass this end.

Men possessed of high rank and large fortunes have, and no doubt always will have, deference paid to them, but the deference of those days was not that of to-day. Sir Walter Scott was the first man of letters in 1819, a personal friend of the prince regent, caressed by all the wit and fashion and beauty of England and Scotland, yet we find him writing to Lord Montagu on the death of the Duke of Buccleuch, "I never thought it possible that a man could have loved another so much where the distance of rank was so very great." Crabbe drew a painful picture of the courtier's position, the bitterness of which he felt himself: "Upon thy Lord with decent care attend."

The great nobles desired to retain their influence, and did so by living in the country; they imposed upon the public by their state, and by lavish and magnificent hospitality such as that shown by Lord Egremont at Petworth, Lord Buckingham at Stowe, the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton, Mr. Coke at Holkham, and Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth; they furnished the provinces with a court which might well compare in display with the royal one, and far exceeded it in decency. The law was inclined and was strained to respect the prerogatives of peers. A suggestion that Lord Lonsdale's face might fitly be taken to represent that of the devil, was made the subject of a criminal prosecution. This same Lord Lonsdale, on being stopped when driving in Mount Street by the officer of the Guards on duty, exclaimed, "You rascal, do you know I am a peer of the realm?" Captain Cuthbert replied, "I don't know you are a peer, but I know you are a scoundrel." A duel followed, but unattended by fatal results. In one of Miss Edgeworth's stories the Duke of Greenwich is represented as estranged from Lord Aldborough because his correspondent had not sealed a letter to him, and I have no doubt that the trait is drawn from real life, because in a correspondence with Lord Buckingham Lord Sydney alludes to offence having been taken on account of his addressing Lord Buckingham in the same strain as that in

which Lord Buckingham had addressed him — probably without his title.

No preacher would in these days speak in his funeral sermon of a woman who was lately "a great and good duchess on earth, and is now a great and good duchess in heaven." Civility, decent civility, in a peer, seems to entitle him, in the eyes of his admirers, to special eulogy. "I have known Lord Sandwich apologize to a lieutenant in the navy for not being able to be exact to his appointment," writes a friend of his lordship. Bishop Warburton is spoken of as beyond measure condescending and courteous, having even graciously handed some biscuits and wine on a salver to a curate who was to read prayers. The position of a peer is no doubt less imposing now, but it is probably more comfortable; state is avoided because it brings no corresponding advantage. Lord Abercorn, travelling in 1813 between Carlisle and Longtown, was preceded by the ladies of his family and his household in five carriages, while he brought up the rear mounted on a small pony, and decorated over his riding-dress with the ribbon and star of the Garter. In this guise he would now be taken for the advance guard of a travelling menagerie. Whitaker speaks of the Earl of Cumberland travelling in 1525, with thirty-three servants and horses, and says that now, viz., 1805, a nobleman of the same rank going alone from Skipton to London would be content with six horses, two postilions, and two outriders. "Modern habits," he adds, "have certainly gained in elegance what they have lost in cumbrous parade." The change between 1805 and 1885 has been even greater than that between 1525 and 1805, and it is difficult to conceive how travelling could be rendered more simple and free from parade. From the days of Haroun Alraschid, the wearers of rank have found in among their chief pleasures to lay it aside, and to observe the manners of their time unnoticed themselves. The facilities for this enjoyment now are far greater. The age, too, is in a hurry; one horse goes quicker than four; life is short, and the actors want to get as much as possible out of it. They want to enjoy the advantages of wealth, of leisure, and of educated taste, as much as ever, but they have less veneration for form. We give the title of esquire to a costermonger or a chimneysweep, and should much prefer giving the latter the title of marquis, if he desired it, sooner than have our chimneys unswept. A peer in these days may be defined as a country gentle-

man with an embarrassed income, incapable of taking a part personally in contested elections, and who, *ceteris paribus*, has the first refusal of an heiress and of a court appointment. It is very seldom that he possesses even the moiety of a borough, and if he does, it is only owing to legitimate means, and in no way the result of his peerage.

With the Reform Bill the power of the House of Lords fell, and it is in the possession of other advantages that its members have now to solace themselves. Any oligarchy enjoys a coveted pre-eminence. The upper house may increase its numbers, but it cannot increase them in direct ratio with the increase of the population. The eagerness to belong to it does not appear to diminish, and all resigning ministers could tell of a goodly list of applicants for admission to the honor. It is the same with the House of Commons. Its character has changed, its ranks are filled from all classes and trades, men criticise it unfavorably, point to its loss of oratorical power, of decent feeling, of self-respect and good breeding, but there is never any lack of candidates to supply a vacancy. "O drug," said Robinson Crusoe, on finding some gold in the hold of the wreck, "what art thou good for? I have no manner of use for thee. Ever remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving." He adds, "However, upon second thoughts I took it away." Criticisms have very little influence on the subsequent conduct of those who make them.

Never was there such wealth of invective at the command of man as was owned by Cobbett. Out of the innermost recesses of the English language he drew epithets and utterances that had slept for centuries. We have forgotten these words, if indeed we know their meanings. We are mealy-mouthed and cast about for a periphrasis. When, indeed, we wish to use strong language we are reduced to plagiarisms.

Lord Tennyson, in one of his last poems, speaks of one of his characters as being "that outdacious at home" not thaw you went fur to raake out hell with a small-tooth comb!" a sentiment which you will find applied by a Bristol mechanic during the election of 1812 to his political opponents. The simple Saxon words of reproach used by our ancestors, by Fielding, by Sterne, by Smollett, by Johnson, have fallen into disuse; and, though the moralist has to condemn precisely the same frailties or foibles, he has to do so

in different language. But in the beginning of the century plain speaking held its own, and Cobbett could find in the language of those who were socially his superiors justification for the nervous terseness of his vituperative pen.

No one swore harder than ex-chancellor Lord Thurlow, or spoke out his thoughts with more clearness; no one, to put it plainly, used more hideous language. (He died cursing his servants.) "Sir, your father," he said to George the Fourth, "will continue to be a popular king as long as he continues to go to church every Sunday, and to be faithful to that ugly woman your mother; but you, sir, will never be popular." We have one delightful story at a later period about the king's language. He was very angry with Lord Mansfield on account of a speech he had made on the Catholic question. "He lied," said the king "had I been an individual, I would have told him so and fought him. As it was, I put the Archbishop of Canterbury in a fright by sending him as my second to Mansfield to tell him he lied. The archbishop came down bustling here to know what he was to do. 'Go,' said I, 'go and do my bidding — tell him he lies, and kick his behind in my name!'" History does not record whether the archbishop carried out his royal master's orders or not. Cobbett understood the value of repetition as well as that of abuse; he hammered at the borough-monger whatever his subject might be — "that monster to be moved by nothing but his own pecuniary sufferings." His "English Grammar," which deserves a permanent place among the best class-books, is made the vehicle of open and covert satire. "Sometimes the hyphen is used to connect many words together, as 'the never-to-be-forgotten cruelty of the borough tyrants.'" "Nouns of number such as mob, Parliament, rabble, House of Commons, regiment, court of King's Bench, den of thieves," is a sentence which defies a criminal information and yet conveys Cobbett's meaning as well as a detailed denunciation.

When a company, consisting of men who have been enabled, by the favor of the late William Pitt, to plunder and insult the people, meet under the name of a Pitt Club to celebrate the birthday of that corrupt and cruel minister, those who publish accounts of their festivities always tell us that such and such toasts were drank, instead of drunk.

More than one hundred thousand copies of this grammar were sold, and it should be treated as its author treated Lowth's

grammar. It was by practising what he preached that Cobbett made his own style so excellent and so simple. You will find no sentences in which you have to search for the nominative, no intricate constructions, no fine and half-intelligible words. Mr. Dickens was so charmed with the style of one of his literary staff that he asked him one day how he had acquired so admirable a manner. "The fact is, Mr. Dickens," the contributor replied, "there are a great many words I don't understand, and a great many I can't spell, so that I am forced to use a simple set of words."

Cobbett's hand was against every man. He hated the prince regent and the ministers, but the Whigs he hated still more. The Edinburgh reviewers were a tribe of coxcombs, a set of the meanest politicians that ever touched pen and paper. He fell foul of one Liberal leader after another. He attacked Romilly and Brougham as he did Castlereagh and Liverpool, Sidmouth and Canning. He had no sympathy with the modern school of political economy, and was as keen against forestalling and regrating as Lord Kenyon. His motto was Cobbett's reform by or through Cobbett only: "Follow me, read my books, and you will be happy and successful through life." He had many of the qualities of a great prophet, and when the forces that were arrayed against him are considered, his courage and pertinacity will appear of no mean order.

In wading through the political life of the first quarter of this century, tired of the plots and counterplots, the jealousies and animosities, of which the prince was the centre, it is exhilarating to look at them from an outside standpoint connected with neither of the political factions. The Tories were in power from 1783 to 1830, with the exception of a few months. The Whigs wanted their places, wanted the patronage, but they had no desire to lose their political influence in the country by the loss of the seats they owned. Had they come into office in 1812 no real change in the representation would have occurred. They had no object in common. Lord Grey had declared that reform ought only to be undertaken when it was seriously and affectionately demanded by the people. The Radicals made no difference between Whigs and Tories. In Bentham's eyes they acted under the same corrupt influence and possessed the same separate and sinister interest. Whigs and Tories alike were indebted to proprietorship and terrorism for their

seats. Against Lord Grey and a Whig aristocracy, against Henry Brougham and the *Edinburgh Review*, Major Cartwright inveighed as bitterly as against the Tories. The *Edinburgh Review* retorted and attacked "the worst enemies of all reform, who will listen to no dictates of moderation, a class of impostors who showed a disregard of truth and contempt of decency." The country was to be saved by Whig royalists and a large open aristocracy, who were to exercise great caution in dealing with the rotten boroughs.

And loud and upright, till their price be known,
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their
own;

But bees on flowers alighting cease their hum,
So settling upon places Whigs grow dumb.

They were devoid of all patriotism. They sat and sulked when the news came of an English victory; they refused to believe in the possibility of the success of our arms, and the members of Brooks's would have been delighted to hear that Wellington had been taken prisoner. Wordsworth wrote that he exulted in the triumph of his soul when Englishmen by thousands were overthrown, left without glory on the field or driven to shameful flight. Napoleon had Byron's best wishes to manure the fields of France with an invading army, and Byron stigmatized the allied armies as the thieves in Paris. They took the Princess of Wales up when they thought that she could be of use to them, and they threw her over when it suited them. They pandered to the wishes of the regent, and they were flung over by him directly he saw that he could do without them. Any arrangement which would have resulted in the accession to power of Wellesley and Canning, of Lord Moira or Lords Grey and Grenville, was little likely to content Cobbett and his readers. Whatever was dependent on the Prince of Wales's favor, or that had relations with the court, they must have distrusted. The lapse of time fortunately conceals many ugly things, but it has never concealed an uglier thing than George the Fourth. Satire could not wish for a better theme than the prince regent marrying for the payment of his debts, drunk in the grate on his wedding night, taking his wife's bracelets to deck his mistress's arms. With more favorites than Solomon, he imitated that monarch's extravagances in building without possessing his architectural knowledge. The furniture for Carlton House during two years and three-quarters cost 160,000*l.*, and vast sums

were thrown away over the pavilion at Brighton and the cottage at Virginia Water. His debts were being continually paid by the country, and on each occasion he concealed some, presenting an incomplete schedule. His debts were his politics, and his own gratification his sole object. Here is a political scene from Carlton House in 1812. When Lord Grey and Lord Grenville had refused to have anything to do with the government after the prince's celebrated letter to the Duke of York, the prince abused them in such terms at dinner that his daughter burst into tears, owing to her distress at her father's language.

The next day, Sunday, upon Lord Moira's calling at Carlton House by the Prince's order, the Prince sent out his page-in-waiting to him, to tell him that he had been so drunk the preceding night he was not well enough to see him, but ordered the page to tell him that he, the Prince, had settled the Catholic question, which was not any longer to form a Government question.

As a son, a husband, a lover, a friend, a debtor, the prince showed much the same qualities. In spite of what he was pleased to call "his irresistible impulse of filial duty and affection to his beloved and afflicted father," he behaved to him in a way, to use Mr. Grenville's words, "to make one's blood run cold." He cheated, and was cheated in turn. George Hanger was one of his friends, and has left behind him some memoirs in which he gives an account of his own debts and troubles and tailors' bills. One winter's dress-clothes alone cost him 900*l.* A morning suit for a birthday cost 80*l.*, while that for the evening cost about 180*l.*, being the first satin coat that appeared in this country. The prince was a master in the art of dress, and on one occasion, according to Moore, began to cry when Brummell told him he did not like the cut of his coat. Tears were at his command as though he were a child. He cried when Lord Moira left him, and he cried for Mr. Fitzherbert. I have mentioned Colonel Hanger's name, however, that I may introduce the bet of the comparative swiftness of the turkey and the goose, by which the prince was victimized. George Hanger, having settled the question to his own satisfaction, first introduced the subject at dinner, and gave his opinion in favor of the turkey. Others backed the goose, and a match of twenty turkeys against twenty geese was made for a distance of ten miles. The prince backed the turkeys heavily at two to one, and commissioned

Hanger to choose twenty of the finest birds he could find. On the day appointed, the prince and his party of turkeys and Mr. Berkeley and his party of geese set off to decide the match. For the first three hours everything seemed to indicate that the turkeys would be the winners, as they were then two miles in advance of the geese; but as night came on, the turkeys began to stretch out their necks towards the branches of the trees which lined the sides of the road. In vain the prince poked at them with a pole to which a bit of red cloth was attached, in vain George Hanger dislodged one from its roosting-place, in vain was barley strewn upon the road. The geese waddled on in the mean time, and passed the turkey party, who were all busy in the trees dislodging their obstinate birds; all their efforts, however, were to no effect, and the geese were declared the winners.

Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora sævitæ!

Charles the Second was not a moral monarch, and his court did not set a very high value on female virtue as far as we know; but it does not lose by comparison with that of the prince regent. Charles made his favorites duchesses, George deserted Mrs. Fitzherbert, and it was his brother William who offered to create her a duchess. Charles knew what war was, what hairbreadth escapes were, and what might be achieved by a few devoted friends against a whole country eager to make him a prisoner. George believed he had been present at Waterloo, and taxed the politeness of the Duke of Wellington, who could only say in reply to his recollections, "I have often heard your Majesty say so."

Courtier though he was, Sir Walter Scott wrote on the queen's death to Mr. Morritt:—

I fear the effect of this event on public manners. Were there but a weight at the back of the drawing-room door, which would slam it in the face of courtesans, its fall ought to be lamented. Honest old Evelyn's account of Charles the Second's Court presses on one's recollection, and prepares the mind for anxious apprehensions.

Apprehensions might well exist and sombre prophecies be made. The rage for appointments, for pensions, for sinecures was perhaps the greater because of the fear that the harvest might only last a short time. Success belonged, as it always does, to the unfortunate. "It is a

strange, scrambling world," writes a clergyman, "and there are at least fifty applications for everything that falls, however trifling. I will do my best." Cobbett, of course, inveighed against the clergy, who, with very few exceptions, were staunchly opposed to reform. The value of the loaves and fishes was estimated in those days with a certain crudity, which must have afforded amusement to the malicious. One bishop, writing to another in 1805, says:—

By a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, you are nominated to a bishopric of revenues beyond what you or any of your friends could have expected. I saw the Archbishop-elect, and he said, "If your friend is my successor, he may be assured that he will find it nearer 4,000*l.* than 3,500*l.* He is much a man of business and very accurate. An income like this will soon repay the expenses which await you, and enable you after living up to your station to save money. 60*l.* will pay for your robes, and your first payment of first-fruits will not occur till the end of September. The house is large, and I presume you will have to pay for the furniture there more than you will receive for that at Durham. A very intimate friend of mine will succeed you at Durham, and I can add for your satisfaction that he will be speedily solvent for your furniture."

The appointment, however, was an excellent one, and the new bishop, in spite of all the temptations which were offered to him in the guise of the highest prizes of the Church, remained true to his party, spoke every year almost alone among his colleagues on the bench in the House of Lords on behalf of the Catholics, was abused by one side and lauded by the other, and lived to see the realization of his wishes and to vote for the Reform Bill before he died. Before Mr. Pitt had given away this see, he received a letter from the Bishop of Bristol, thanking him for his intention of conferring it upon him, of which Lord Stanhope says, "There is something worthy of record in the plan of soliciting a favor by returning thanks for it as though already conferred."

Appointments were supposed to enable a man not only to maintain but to found a family; the owner of the governor-generalship of India expected to save a sufficient sum in five years to keep up the dignity of the peerage which was offered to him at the close of his tenure of office.

Party feeling ran high, the sense of injustice and of oppression was keen, but I have no intention of endeavoring to make excuses for Cobbett's language, or to deny that it must have had an unfortu-

nate influence on misguided men. He knew no master and gave no quarter. Sydney Smith, the most consistent of reformers, a light to lighten his order, called Cobbett "that consummate villain." When Shelley was describing Hell, he said it was a city much like London:—

There is a Castles and a Canning,
A Cobbett and a Castlereagh,
All sorts of caitiff corpses planning,
All sorts of cozening for trepanning
Corpses less corrupt than they.

To Cobbett's account were placed many of the fires that lit up at night peaceful English villages. All that can be urged in extenuation is that the time was one of war, war between frightened rulers who had been contemporaries of the horrors of the French Revolution, and goaded slaves. Justice had attained to a high standard of her proverbial blindness. The frequency of executions before the alteration of the penal laws no doubt blunted men's feelings, an instance of which we have in Mr. Greville's remark when several boys, to their amazement, were sentenced to be hanged for some slight misdemeanor: "Never did I see boys cry so." When remissions were proposed, the government was supposed to be at stake.

We shall not know whether we are on our heads or on our feet [said Lord Ellenborough]. If you repeal the act which inflicts the penalty of death for stealing to the value of five shillings in a shop, you will be called upon next year to repeal a law which prescribes the penalty of death for stealing five shillings in a dwelling-house, there being no person within.

The wonder is that Cobbett escaped the clutches of the law so long. He had written with the sword of Damocles suspended above his head, and in June, 1810, it fell. His strictures on the flogging of the local militia at Ely by the German legion were made the subject of prosecution, with the result that he was sentenced to pay a fine of 1,000*l.* and to be imprisoned in Newgate for two years. Cobbett bore the blow gallantly, and his own account of his life in prison is one of the most charming passages in his biography. He went on farming his land at Botley, whence every week a hamper was sent to Newgate with early flowers and blossoms, or fruit, or some sweet association of his country home. He dictated the "Register" to his two eldest children, he educated the younger ones, and probably never was life in prison, or indeed out of prison, better spent before.

When the two years of imprisonment were over, his friends welcomed him at a public dinner, and Sir Francis Burdett declared that the cause in which he had suffered was that of our Sidneys and Hampdens. The "Register" was written with renewed energy, and the weekly sale averaged from seventy five to one hundred thousand. Cobbett was a thorn in the side of the government from 1812 to 1817. The fortunes of war varied; now the ministers, now the Radicals, scored a success. The Whigs hardly existed as a party; the Grenvilles, tired of fruitless opposition, were meditating the construction of a third party, and paving the way for the negotiation which took effect in 1822. The popularity which accrued, owing to the happy termination of the war, was lost in the distress of the succeeding year. The inflated prices of the war had collapsed, and the position was terribly felt by the agricultural interest. What we are seeing now was intensified then; wretched crops, and distressed landlords groaning under the land thrown upon their hands, and the reduction of their rents by fifty per cent. Gloom and discontent filled the country from north to south. There were nightly drillings in Yorkshire; there was the tramp of armed men marching, and the burning of mills, and the wreck of manufactories. The alarmists became more alarmed, every shadow contained a conspiracy. Reports of rebellion were transmitted to the government; a hundred thousand men were said to be in arms in Northumberland. "I was told," said Mr. Lambton, "that my property was to be partitioned, and that on my return I should find others enjoying it. I said, I don't believe it, but if it be true, I would much rather my property should be partitioned among my friends in the north than among the corruptionists of the House of Commons." The prisons were full. Leigh and John Hunt expiated their sarcasm on the prince regent—whom they called "a fat Adonis of fifty" (Cobbett, by the by, asserted that he weighed a quarter of a ton), "a man who had just closed a quarter of a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of his posterity"—by two years in Surrey gaol. Shelley lost the custody of his children, and retired to Italy, whence he lashed the English ministry in safety.

The growing disaffection of the country at last induced the government to suspend the Habeas Corpus act, and Cobbett was able to boast that he was the person

against whom that suspension was mainly directed. Cromwell and Hampden were at the point of leaving these shores in 1637, and of seeking a refuge from persecution in America. Southey and a chosen band had the same thought in later days. Cobbett yielded to the storm and sought safety in flight, and he did not return to England until 1819, when he conceived the lamentable idea of adding to the importance of his arrival by bringing with him the bones of Tom Paine in a box, which was lodged at the Liverpool custom-house. The English hate melodrama, and had plenty to do besides admire Tom Paine's remains; and Byron summed up the episode in language worthy of Cobbett:—

In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will Cobbett has done well;
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in Hell.

If Cobbett left England in a disturbed state, the lapse of two years had not improved its condition. The Manchester riot had taken place, and Yorkshire sympathy with the rioters had received a check in the deposition of Lord Fitzwilliam from the lord-lieutenancy. Cobbett continued his old life, wrote, quarrelled, tried to get into Parliament, and failed. His speech at the close of his contest at Preston must have delighted his audience: "Gentlemen, I have done much good to you by coming. I have sweated your tyrants; I have bled them; I have made the silly honorable (the late Lord Derby) throw 15,000*l.* among you, and that's no joke, for though these lords have too much land, they have not too much money. I have tickled the captain too; he must have pledged his half pay to keep open houses for you, and now he must live on plates of beef and goes of gin for the next seven years." Failure was not likely to daunt him, his old confidence in himself continued, and he tilted as gallantly as ever against the placemen, the borough-mongers, and the sinecurists. No one got praise from him, from "that great, snorting bawler, Mr. Pitt," "this old porpoise of a Bourbon, Louis Philippe," "the impudent spouter Canning," "base Burke," down to the "lank Whigs of 1830, lank and merciless as hungry wolves."

It was not until 1832 that the doors of the House of Commons were opened to him as member for Oldham, which he represented up to his death, which took place three years later. One anecdote of

Cobbett will not be out of place here. A few weeks before his entry into Parliament, he had, when in Scotland, promised his friends to pay them a second visit and lecture to them; after his election, however, he considered such an occupation as lecturing quite unfitted for the exalted sphere to which he had been called, and he therefore refused to redeem the promise he had given.

Important as was his work as a politician, it is as a typical Englishman and a writer of English that Cobbett attracts and interests and will live amongst us. "Damn politics," he writes to Dr. Mitford from the farm at Botley. "Is Snip with pup yet?—a matter of far more importance than whether the Prince of Asturias is to be hanged or not." You can picture him in his red waistcoat plodding about his farm, stopping up pathways, inclosing land and stocking it with hares and pheasants after the fashion of the most approved preserver of game. Unlike Dr. Johnson, at least as regards early rising, he practised what he preached. He got up early, he lived simply, he never spent more than thirty-five minutes during the day on all his meals, and he lived for a year on a mutton chop a day. He was English in his dislike of novelties, of new-fangled theories, of inventions, of philosophies. He disliked clubs; you should read the newspaper only at home. He hated Malthus, "the check-population parson," and Jenner, and spoke of the "good, old fashioned, seam-giving and dimple-dipping small-pox." Tea and potatoes he abused as though they were Burdett and Castlereagh. In all kind household offices, in the mutual tender-nesses and ministrations of wedded life, he took more than a man's ordinary share. When his wife lay ill in Philadelphia and could not sleep on account of the noise the dogs made around their house, he sallied forth, and, barefooted that he might not disturb her, on the hot bricks of the causeway, so hot that they burnt his feet, he walked backwards and forwards the livelong night, throwing stones and thus keeping the dogs at a distance.

His papers were often written amidst the racket and noise of children; while he was writing his first book he was rocking the cradle, and to the great object of making his children's lives happy and innocent he made everything give way. A happy marriage prompted some of his finest sentences, and no high priest of Venus ever celebrated love's praises in more inspired strains.

Love, he said, rescued me from a state of horrible slavery; placed the whole of my time at my own disposal; made me as free as air; removed every restraint upon the operations of my mind, naturally disposed to communicate its thoughts to others; and gave me for my leisure hours a companion, who, though deprived of all opportunity of what is called learning, had so much good-sense, so much useful knowledge, was so innocent, so just in all her ways, so pure in thought, word, and deed, so disinterested, so generous, so devoted to me and her children, so free from all disguise and withal so beautiful, and so talkative and in a voice so sweet, so cheering, that I must, seeing the health and the capacity which it had pleased God to give me, have been a criminal if I had done much less than that which I have done, and I have always said that if my country feel any gratitude for my labors, that gratitude is due to her full as much as to me.

As a writer of pure English, Cobbett stands out almost unrivalled, and hundreds of passages might be quoted from his writings which are masterpieces of diction. He did not draw his illustrations from the fantasies of a perplexed brain, but from that nature which is always ready to reveal her secrets to those who love her. You will find his descriptions of scenery as true as those of Sir Walter Scott, and flowers and trees and coppices and wolds and woodlands and the birds and beasts that belong to them, are all put in their proper places. His word-paintings savor sometimes of almost an excessive realism. We should be contented in describing some noise to say it was like the squeaking of pigs. Cobbett says it was like "the squeaking of little pigs, when the sow is lying on them." In another passage, after rating the literary hack below the carpenter or the hedger, he stigmatizes him as "a miserable fribble of a wretch who could hardly disentangle his carcase if clasped by a couple of stout brambles, and who hardly knows a rough sheep dog from a sheep." All his illustrations are English. He was ever thinking of England when he wrote; he gloried in her past, in the husbandmen who tilled her fields, in the architects who reared her cathedrals, the monks who succored and fed the poor in their stately buildings; and if he lamented over the times in which he lived, it was because the comparison he drew between the reigns of the Edwards and the Georges was in his eyes unfavorable to the latter.

Sixty years of struggles and aspirations have brought us nearer what we conceive to be the light. Our hope is that it is no

ignis fatuus, no dancing meteor of the marshes that we follow. I remember travelling amidst exquisite scenery, under cloudless skies, in warmth and sunshine, along the banks of the Mediterranean, when a friend of mine, pointing to the snow that was gleaming on the peaks of the Alps above us, said, "That is to remind us we are mortals." So in spite of all the luxuries of our lives we have chill prospects on every side to tell us how little our vaunted improvements are worth, and how thin the veneer is of civilization. Our railways and schools and libraries and clubs are monuments of our energy and wealth, but they are only means to an end, the attainment of happiness by the community at large. A nation wants pleasures as well as work. To play wisely, as Mr. Ruskin puts it, is a great achievement, and we are losing the capacity as well as the conditions necessary for healthy play. Nature gave us pure air and water; we have made them a curse to ourselves and to our neighbors. Science discovers to us her secrets, but we laugh at her instructions and treat them with contempt, and fifty years hence the same surprise will be felt by our descendants on reading the accounts of our habits and society that we feel when we study the history of our grandfathers who lived under the last of the Georges.

CHARLES MILNES GASKELL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE RESCUE.

WE left Ralph Leslie at Penang, in a reaction of anxieties after his first relief. It was no easy matter the getting a cast on board ship to the Sumatra coast, and even chartering a craft on his own account was more than a question of time and money. The mongrel skippers in these seas had a wholesome dread of a neighborhood where pirates were wont to be as common as lighthouses are rare. The Sir Stamford Scraper was still under repair, and the master declined the responsibility of doing more than detaching a veteran of the crew to accompany Mr. Leslie as pilot. It really seemed that he was likely to be indefinitely leg-bound — in which case he must have fretted himself off with a fever or a liver complaint —

when fortune very seasonably befriended him.

H.M.S. Severn, a big composite gun-vessel, carrying four heavy breech-loading guns, with a couple of Gardner machine-guns to boot, was signalled, and soon steamed into the port. Naturally the captain was invited to dine at Government House, and there Leslie met him. It immediately occurred to our friend that all his ends would be more than answered if he could only take the Severn to Sanga. He had spoken on the subject to the governor, who doubted whether the business could be managed, but was very willing to help it forward. But when they broached the affair to Captain MacDonald after the claret had been circulating, he made no difficulties; quite the contrary. As it chanced, he had met Moray and his daughter in London; a Celt himself, his heart warmed to a Highlander in difficulties, and, like the Malay chiefs, his chivalry was enlisted on behalf of a fair maiden in distress. He was a strong-willed officer besides, with influence at the Admiralty; and moreover, he fancied the idea of a flying trip to Sumatra, with an off chance of a little fighting thrown in.

"Sumatra lies beyond my roving commission," he said, "and I cannot act without definite orders. The admiral on the station is at sea with the squadron—Heaven only knows where!—and I can't communicate with him. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send a telegram off to the Admiralty, asking leave and pleading urgency. I don't doubt I shall get leave; but to make matters doubly sure, perhaps the governor will back me up with the Foreign Office."

The governor was agreeable, and Leslie said, moreover, that Moray had a nephew, an active M.P., who would undertake to focus the influence of the president of the Council on the affair.

"Then I think we may consider it as good as settled," exclaimed the gallant skipper, rubbing his hands. "I shall be ready to heave up the anchor at a moment's notice, and, Mr. Leslie, you had better bring your traps on board."

So, to cut the story short, the three telegrams were despatched; the answers were altogether satisfactory, and the Severn spread her canvas to a favoring breeze, while the stokers and auxiliary screw lent a second set of wings to her flight. She had sighted the volcanic peaks behind Sanga, looming like light-grey clouds on the southern horizon. Gradually the forests had been seen, rising slowly out

of the sea; and then they could distinguish through the glasses the verdant patches of clearing on the slopes behind the black shore-belt of the mangroves. It struck them as singular that there was something looking like a haze of smoke just where, according to the charts, should be the mouth of the Sanga River.

"It seems as if they had been burning forest," remarked Captain MacDonald, passing the telescope to his first lieutenant.

"It's a forest fire, and a big one too, sure enough, sir," returned that officer, after a long, steady gaze. "Strange that they should be burning forest, too, and to that extent, and at this time, if that be the river that leads to the settlement."

Leslie, who was standing at the captain's elbow, took the alarm at once. In the excitement of his approach to the girl he loved so dearly, his apprehensions were ready to forbode the worst. Yet he dropped the glass he had seized, as a hail came down from the crosstrees.

"A fleet of boats standing eastward under the shore, three points away on the lee bow."

In a minute or so Leslie, with much resolution, though with little grace or dexterity, had accomplished his first ascent on board ship, and was holding on somehow to the stays by the side of the lookout man in the maintop. The captain, sympathizing with the natural anxiety of his friend and passenger, had put his dignity in his pocket, and followed. Leslie, by something like an intuition, had more than a glimmering of the truth; but the captain shook his head when it was proposed that he should overhaul those flying prahus.

"They may be from Sanga, or they may be on peaceful business; and very possibly they are. If we overhauled them, they would run into shallow water; and it would be more than my commission is worth to attack them, without knowing how the land lies. You are making yourself needlessly uneasy, believe me, my dear fellow; and in any case the only thing to be done is to drive hard ahead and communicate with the settlement. Then, if we find that those gentry ought to be overhauled for any reason, rely upon it I shall be alongside of them in no time."

Ralph saw the reason of the thing, and was forced to be content. Fresh fuel was heaped on the furnaces; and the Severn, bending over, cut through the waves at a pace that would have contented any one but a half-frenzied lover.

But like the Hebrew watchman who saw the swift messengers, the lookout man in the Severn had his work cut out for him.

"A boat crossing the bar," was the next announcement from on high; "another" — "four" — "six" — "thirteen."

"A second flotilla," exclaimed the captain; "the plot thickens. But I shall speak those latter gentry at any rate, Mr. Leslie; and in fifty minutes or so at the outside, I hope your mind may be set at rest."

This squadron at all events was friendly. It made no attempt to escape her Majesty's war-ship. On the contrary, one of the biggest of the prahus was rapidly rowed towards the Severn; and ere long, and standing out on the lofty prow, Ralph distinguished the figure of his uncle. A strange meeting in such circumstances, in those tropical seas! The ship furled her upper canvas and reversed her engines; the prahu was swept adroitly alongside, and Moray, seizing the side-ropes, swung himself up upon the deck.

Each fibre in his nerves was throbbing; he stood there like the high-mettled racer, among the score of competitors eager for the start, with self-control as a rider, reining him in. He first grasped his nephew's hand, and exclaimed, "The captain?" Leslie, only too ready to take the alarm, had no time to speak, for Captain MacDonald stepped forward, courteous but silent. He saw that seconds were precious, and that it was for the resident at Sanga to speak. The father told his tale in few words; but before he had well finished, the order had been given to change the course of the Severn. Then there was leisure to listen to a more detailed account of events, as each yard of canvas that had been reefed was spread again to the light breeze; while engineers and stokers, thrilling in sympathy, were feeding the furnaces and poking the fires. The fact had somehow speedily got wind that the beautiful daughter of their stout old countryman was being carried away by those ruffianly Malays, who were melting out of sight on the eastern horizon; and each British seaman felt a personal longing to bring the rascally ravishers to book.

Captain MacDonald, when his own kind-hearted curiosity was satisfied, with the tact and sympathy of a gentleman, left the uncle and nephew to themselves. His delicacy, if not misplaced, was needless. Their minds were preoccupied with one terrible idea; they said nothing that

all the world might not have heard. At all events, they might be pretty easy upon one point; the Severn was swiftly overhauling the flying squadron; in a couple of hours at the utmost she would have it under her guns. What might happen then, Heaven only could tell. Old Malay mariners, who had come aboard with Moray, declared that all along that coast the mangrove jungle was impervious — that there was no possibility of the enemy beaching their boats and beating a retreat by land. But, on the other hand, the sea shallowed so gradually — though they did not profess to report accurate soundings — that it was very possible the piratical squadron might keep beyond reach of the corvette.

So it proved. The Severn cut off the retreat, as it would have taken its natural course round a jutting sand-spit; the Malay squadron was baffled and embayed, but at the same time it brought to in comparative safety. Captain MacDonald, though in the habit of acting for himself, called a war-council on his quarterdeck under these critical circumstances. Or rather, he consulted his two civilian passengers, who had all that was most dear in their lives at stake.

"In other circumstances, I should cannonade the scoundrels," said the captain, "and then pipe away the boats' crews and send them to attack under cover of the guns. But —"

"For God's sake, don't use the guns, Captain MacDonald!" exclaimed the unfortunate father. Then, recollecting himself, he added with an effort, "And yet you must do your duty."

"They have sacked an English settlement," returned the captain, "and doubtless it is my duty to attack at any cost, and to use all available means. Well, — it all, duty must go to the wall for once. We must attack, I suppose; but whatever it may cost the ship's company, I won't run the chance of harming a hair of your daughter's head. We might blockade them, to be sure, barring changes in the weather, and possibly bring them to terms; and yet I greatly doubt whether, under the circumstances, anything would justify me in letting them go free."

Moray hesitated for a moment; then spoke with determination.

"No British officer could do so; and were I weak enough and base enough to make such a request to you, in your place I could only refuse. But I know those Malays, and if you reduce them to de-

spair by blockading, with the choice between surrender and starvation, they are capable of devising any revenge on their captives. There is but one thing to be done, and we must leave the consequences to a merciful God. If you are willing to send your boats to the attack, get to work without wasting a moment. And God knows how bitterly I regret that on our account, your brave fellows should have to fight under any disadvantage."

"Chances of war and of the service, my dear sir. I answer for them, that not a man will waste a thought upon that. I am only sorry that duty compels me to remain on board, and that I must hand over the honor and the glory of the rescue to my first lieutenant."

His first lieutenant was far from sharing his regrets. Scarcely had the boatswain's whistle resounded along the decks, than the boats were swinging from the davits, and balancing themselves on the surface of the water. The crews had tumbled over the sides, the men had seized upon the oars, marines and supernumerary blue-jackets had stowed themselves away in their places, and ranging rapidly in line, or rather in crescent of battle, the little squadron swept swiftly towards the shore.

The steam-launch led the way in the centre, carrying Leslie, Moray, and some of his Malays as passengers. The pirate flotilla, at anchor in an irregular line, opened a heavy though desultory fire as the English approached. Showers of bullets from antiquated rifles and muskets were mingled with flights of arrows. Gongs were violently beaten, wild war-cries resounded along the waves; there was evidently no thought of surrender. The fire, although hot, was ill directed, and comparatively little damage was done. Nevertheless Moray, though he still mastered himself with mighty efforts of self-control, winced as if he had been hit himself, when any of the blue jackets or marines were wounded. They might have escaped had the corvette used her guns, and so it seemed to him that he was personally responsible for each of those casualties. He only longed to be at close quarters with the enemy; but, in the mean time, his attention and theirs was diverted. To his astonishment and disgust he saw Leslie, who the moment before had been standing by his side, crouching under the gunwale of the launch, out of the way of danger. The sympathy of the rough seamen had suddenly changed to contempt; and now, indifferent to the

bullets that came thicker and flew straighter, they were passing their rough jokes on the land-lubber whose nerves had fairly got the better of him. At the sight of his nephew's cowardice, Moray almost forgot his daughter's danger. He sprang forward to lay a hand on Leslie's shoulder, and shook him savagely.

"By the God who made us! I would rather know Grace was dead, than give her to a man who shows the white feather at —"

He stopped short before the sentence was finished. He scarcely knew his nephew's face, distorted as it was by the intensity of suppressed passion. No Malay among those who kept his daughter a prisoner could have won an expression of more determined ferocity. The gentlemanly poet seemed transformed, as, turning round sharply and fiercely, he saw who had touched him, and said in hasty explanation, —

"One of those stray bullets might hit me, and rob me of the chance of rescue or revenge."

And as Moray, excited and preoccupied as he was, shrank back at the unexpected display of passion — Jack Venables, remembering what had passed at the interview in London, might have been less surprised — he recognized the depth of the affection that was ready to die under an indelible stain, rather than play the rôle of a looker-on in the hand-to-hand struggle that was approaching.

There was little time for Leslie's limbs to get cramped in the undignified position to which he had resigned himself. The Malay war-shouts were answered with ringing cheers; the last volley from the enemy's firearms was followed by some groans and a death-cry; and in another moment the boats were grappling themselves to the prahus. Then seamen and marines, who had reserved their fire, poured in point-blank volleys with deadly effect, and under cover of the confusion they were swarming up the sides, with cutlasses and bayonets flashing in the sunbeams. The lustre of the English weapons was speedily dimmed, for the Malays fought gallantly and desperately. But their irregular ferocity was in vain against the British dash and the British discipline. The fight was bloody, but it was soon over; the prahus that had been directly attacked were carried, the defenders being either cut down at their posts or throwing themselves into the water and striking out for the others. And when the flag of the pirate chief was

hauled down, and his galley was seen to be in the hands of the white men there was a general *saute qui peut* from the rest of the fleet. Brave as the Malays were, they bowed to the force of circumstances; and they had a wholesome terror of the guns of the big ship, which had not as yet been brought into action. As they could not save their boats, they tried to save themselves; and the glowing surface of the sea was sparkling in a driving spray of diamonds, where innumerable heads and shoulders were seen striking out for the shore.

The struggle had been brief, and no Englishman hung back in it; but Leslie had been to the front in it from the first, among scores of other brave men.

"For heaven's sake, don't be so foolhardy, Mr. Leslie!" the first lieutenant had found time to shout in an ear that was absolutely deaf to the well-meant expostulation.

"Hech, sir, div ye see hoo the deevil fechts!" ejaculated a countryman of his own, complacently, as he paused to breathe himself, and to wipe his brow, between the mighty strokes he was laying on the Malays.

Indifferent alike to praise and prudence, Leslie flung himself into the foremost of the *mêlée*, forcing his way towards the barbarian who seemed to be the leader. The barbaric warrior was a powerful man, who might have made one and a half of Miss Moray's lover. He honored his assailant with a downright sword-cut that should have "cleft him to the chine," to borrow the language of the chroniclers of the Middle Age, had not a sailor seasonably interposed a cutlass, when the blow glanced, merely bruising a shoulder, and ere the Malay could recover his weapon, the poet had run him through the body. How little he thought when he had been "mopning" and dreaming at Glenconan, that he would ever have so dramatic an opportunity of proving his devotion to his lady!

But was the lady safe? that was the next question; and a question neither the father nor the lover almost dared to ask. The Malays cut down, driven overboard, or secured, the next business was to search the boat — no very difficult matter. There was only one possible place of concealment in the half-decked craft; but the hatches were strong, and lashed down with bamboo cordage. There was a call for cutlasses to sever the cords, and the very embarrassment of eager volunteers delayed the business. As we cannot de-

pict the spasm of agonizing expectation, as father and lover burst from the sunshine into the blackness of the little cabin, so we must drop a veil over the scene that followed, when the seamen, delicately surging back, dropped a mat over the family reunion. Grace was there, and Grace was safe; quit from the horrors and the fears and hopes of her last twenty-four hours' experiences.

"Her pluck does her some credit, does it not?" said Moray proudly, when he presented her to Captain MacDonald above the gangway of the Severn, as pale as she seemed calm, but none the less pretty for her pallor. "Not that there is much to choose between the two in that respect," as he turned round beamingly towards Leslie, who followed them. "Lucky dog!" was the gallant captain's inward comment as he received Miss Moray's effusions of heartfelt gratitude, only regretting that this prize of love had been already appropriated by its salvor. And "Lucky dog!" was the sentiment that in various language was re-echoed by the ship's company, from the wardroom officers to the powder-monkeys; and so closed that episode of nautical romance, which will long be spun in yarns round the Severn's galley fires.

CHAPTER XLII.

MARRIED IN HASTE.

THE telegrams requesting the despatch of the Severn to Sanga had thrown Mr. Venables into extreme perturbation and excitement. That bit of business off his hands, he was doomed to the suspense he detested. Communications between Sanga and the Straits were so precarious, that he might hear nothing more for any number of weeks. Meantime his friends might be massacred, and he could do nothing to help them. That last reflection was so much to the point that it might have reconciled a less impulsive young gentleman to resignation and the exercise of patience. But to the warm-hearted Jack such inaction was out of the question; he felt that it was incumbent upon him to be up and doing. So, silencing the whispers of hard common sense, and having made up his mind on the subject, he thought it would be a satisfaction to consult some one. Acknowledging his weakness, he did not care to turn either to Lord Wrekin or to one of the government whips, or even to his stanch friend and patron, Lord Wrekin's brother. Of all people in the world, he chose Miss

Winstanley for his adviser; though, indeed, they had been in the habit lately of laying their heads together on most occasions.

Julia heard all he had to say; but it struck him she was somewhat less sympathetic than usual. She objected very sensibly that he could do no possible good, as he must reach Sanga long after everything had been settled. As Jack could only plead sentiment for his plan, he was less persuasive than usual; but we may suspect that Miss Winstanley attributed his embarrassment to a different cause.

"You see, Leslie saved my life," he wound up. "I vowed and felt undying gratitude, and I can't bear to think of his possibly perishing, without my stirring a finger to help him."

"It seems to me you already discharged great part of the debt, when you so generously resigned the girl you were both in love with," said Miss Winstanley drily. "Besides," she repeated very pertinently, "though you well know how grieved I should be were anything to happen either to Grace or Mr. Leslie, you must feel that your going to Sumatra would be worse than idle in the circumstances."

"I fear that is true; still going would be a relief to my mind, and I should always feel that at least I had acknowledged my debt, which is the next best thing to being able to discharge it. And after all, the Severn may have been in time to save them; and think what a pleasure it would be to be there to congratulate them on their escape. Though, if Leslie got out in time for any fighting, if he has not fallen in the engagement it will be no fault of his. You may take my word for that, Julia."

"My name is Miss Winstanley, *Mr. Venables*, and no doubt it *would* be a pleasure to console your cousin."

Hardly had the words been spoken than Julia was heartily ashamed of them, and she saw, besides, to her infinite confusion, that she had betrayed herself. Jack looked at her steadily, till her eyes sank beneath his gaze; then he spoke very deliberately, but with more diffidence than was usual with him.

"I might remind you, *Miss Winstanley*," and he laid an ironical emphasis on her name, "that it was you who confirmed me in my good resolution of giving up my cousin when I could not help it. The sacrifice was all the easier, that I knew in my heart she had never cared for me, — never cared for me, that is to say, as she

cared for Ralph Leslie. And knowing that, though I shall never lose my affection for her, I was long ago as effectively cured of my passion as any man need desire to be."

Jack watched the effect of his speech, and saw the lady brightening through her blushes, which turned suspicion into something like assurance. "Shall I say something more, now I am in course of confession? Shall I tell you how another idol made that fancy fade?"

Jack was very near saying something of those signs of jealousy he had detected, but he discreetly checked himself. Then, as Julia's silence carried conviction to his mind, he recovered all his natural audacity, and, like the Malays charging home upon Sanga, he went at the feeble defences with a rush.

"What is the use of beating about the bushes? You are far too quick not to have understood my feelings long ago. I love Grace Moray as a cousin; but I would adore you as a wife, if you will only say the word, and give me the permission. Why did I come to you now, in place of going to consult with your father, but because I would have you the mistress of my actions, as you have long been the object of my thoughts — Julia!"

Still the young lady said nothing; but this time she did not object to the use of her Christian name. So Jack stole an arm round her waist, and drew her to his side, softly unresisting. In his anxiety for the answer, no doubt, he laid his cheek to hers. The answer, when it did come, seemed quite satisfactory, though it was merely, "And yet you mean to leave me?"

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed Jack, in an exuberance of spirits, seizing her in his arms, and cutting short any further speech by a short and summary process. "Not a bit of it," he went on, when he had time to take breath. "You know I pride myself on my inspirations, and I have a happy inspiration now."

"And what may that be?" asked Julia, blushing rearranging her hair.

"Simply that we should get married to-morrow or next day, have our honeymoon on board the steamer, and make our wedding trip to Sumatra."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Julia, very naturally. She seemed now to take the necessary preliminaries to a wedding trip for granted, and the marriage as merely a question of time.

"Nonsense, dearest! not at all," exclaimed Jack briskly. Then he went on more seriously, "I *must* start for Suma-

tra at once; my feelings are not to be reasoned with; and I am sure you will not attempt it. I know that my—I mean our—future peace depends on it. But you like the Morays nearly as much as I do, and why in the world should we not go and see after them together? I shall look on our marriage as such a blessed omen, that I begin to believe already we shall find them all safe and sound. And what a place for our honeymooning the Spice Islands will be! While, if the worst should have happened, I shall have you by my side; and Heaven only knows how I should need your companionship in that case."

"That might be a reason," sighed Julia softly. "If it were anyways possible," she added, as a saving clause.

But when Jack and Julia did lay their heads together, metaphorically and literally, they were just the pair to overcome apparent impossibilities. Mr. Winstanley, though somewhat surprised, was far from objecting to the match; and on second thoughts he rather fancied the idea of carrying it through speedily and unconventionally. It is to be feared that his wife's first indignant protests rather helped to overrule his hesitation; and Julia found means of managing her mother. Possibly Mrs. Winstanley may have thought—although there she wronged her daughter—that the young lady might have been persuaded to elope, and she may have deemed that a sensation was preferable to a scandal. And if an immediate wedding were once decided upon, as Julia pointed out, it must necessarily be of the quietest, seeing that the fate of so many of "dear Jack's" near relatives was something more than uncertain. At all events, it is a fact, and an incontestable proof of the energy of Jack's character, though it may seem to violate the credibilities of orthodox fiction, that within a week the settlements were signed, and Mr. Venables and his bride were before the altar. The father of the bridegroom, with efficient "assistance," tied the knot; a couple of the bridegroom's sisters, and as many of the bride's cousins, officiated as bridesmaids; and although the wedding breakfast was a quiet and rather melancholy meal, all things were done decently and in order.

"You are a very fortunate man, Mr. Jack, though it is I who tell you so," said Winstanley. "Had any one said that Julia would sacrifice a trousseau, and consent to be smuggled away in a hole-and-corner ceremony, I should have set him

down for a lunatic. Believe an old man of the world, that my girl must be passionately in love with you, and the fault will be yours if she does not make you happy."

And, *à propos* to happiness, the bride had had a happy thought of her own, when the bridegroom was bustling through the innumerable preparations.

"I have been thinking, dear, of a man we might take out with us to Sanga."

"Well, as you please, darling," said Jack doubtfully. "I don't think any fellow we could engage would be much use to us. We can always pick up a native in the East—a salamander, who would be suitable to the climate."

"I was thinking of a Scotchman, not a salamander."

"My dear Julia!"—and there was already a touch of marital authority in the ejaculation, though Jack did gulp down the "are you mad?" which was to follow.

The intonation did not escape the sensitive ears of the lady; but she only smiled, and said, "Donald Ross."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Jack enthusiastically. "By Jove, Julia! what a head—what a heart you have! I suppose you can manage to square things with his master; so I shall despatch a telegram this very moment, and we can send Mr. Ross his marching orders by the evening's post. My word for it, he will lose no time in getting ready."

CHAPTER XLIII.

MARRIED AT LEISURE.

THE Severn, after a week passed at Sanga, had steamed back to Penang. For a week the managing director had entertained the saviour of his daughter with all the hospitality of which the circumstances admitted. It was little that the residency had been sacked and wrecked; they picnicked pleasantly enough in the open. There were sad casualties to deplore, though chiefly among the natives; but the dead had been burned with their dwellings or buried out of sight. The gallant captain of the Severn found himself so comfortable, that had things been different he might have extended his stay. But he was sincerely smitten with Miss Moray, who, although really grateful, seemed to have only eyes and ears for Mr. Leslie; so that Captain MacDonald deemed it wise to remember the duty he owed to his admiral. And thus it came about that in a reasonably short space of time telegraphic information was transmitted from

the Straits of the onslaught on the settlement and the punishment of the assailants. And when the newly wedded pair arrived at Pord Said, they found news awaiting them which set their minds at ease. Thenceforth the voyage was to be really a pleasure-trip, and they might give themselves over to *rattrafer* any time they had lost in the way of billing and cooing. Thenceforward Donald Ross brightened up from the gloom that had made him almost a misanthrope; and not only was he always ready to have "a crack" about the Highlands with Mr. and Mrs. Venables, or any of the cabin passengers, but he contributed greatly to the cheerfulness of the ship's company forward. As for Jack, he was more and more delighted with Julia in her new characters of wife and constant companion, and congratulated himself hourly on his greatest stroke of good luck. As for Julia, she had been softened by the sweetening influences of the honeymoon, and hung upon her husband with shy caresses in a spring bloom of new-born graces; and as the days glided by upon silken wings, they were both looking forward with growing delight to the surprise they were preparing for their friends in Sanga.

"Grace will give me a warmer welcome than on that memorable visit of mine to Glenconan," said Julia; "all the more so that I have effectually relieved her of those most unwelcome attentions of yours, sir."

"Leslie will know, at least," said Jack, disdainfully ignoring the insulting allusion, "that if I did not turn up in the hour of their extremity, it was the power and not the will that was wanting. And in thinking of their lives being safe, we have almost forgotten the salvage of their fortunes. Yet but a few months ago, how glad my uncle would have been to know that he might keep Glenconan, though at the cost of the rest of his fortune! Our budget of good news will be the best of wedding gifts for that other marriage which ought to come off immediately."

And on their arrival at Penang, Jack's proverbial good luck still befriended them; for they would have felt the annoyances of an indefinite delay almost as deeply as Leslie had done. A commodious enough trader, bound for Sarambang, was easily persuaded to diverge by Sanga; and fruits and other sea luxuries were shipped in profusion, that the sail might be made as agreeable as possible to the bride.

Had the colonists needed occupation in the transports of their reunion and re-

covered happiness, they had plenty of it in the mean time at Sanga. The residency was to be reconstructed — an easy matter, where bamboos were as abundant as native labor. Beggared families had to be relieved; widows were to be consoled and orphans to be cared for; and in these good works we need hardly say that Grace and her lover went hand in hand with the resident. Matusin had come back, having saved himself narrowly after a stubborn resistance; and had been duly praised for his gallantry by his chief, with promises of rewards and advancement. Rafferty had recovered, of course, and seemed little the worse for that broken head of his, which came so naturally to the Tipperary man. And Mr. Briggs had been rescued with Grace, having been knocked over at his post beside the fire-proof safe, and carried bound hand and foot on board the piratical prahu. It was the respectable Briggs, above all, whom the resident seemed most to delight to honor, though perhaps he felt a warmer personal regard for Mr. Rafferty, who had so devotedly attached himself to the fortunes of his daughter. But in the case of Briggs, he could appreciate the heroism, where a clerk-like and conscientious sense of duty had triumphed over the feeble flesh.

So, on the whole, that population of many shades formed a happy and contented family; for semi-savages get over calamities and even bereavements, as severe flesh-wounds heal quickly with the wild creatures of the jungles. Especially as when in the present instance there was a liberal application of plasters in the shape of kindness and cash.

Yet, happily contented as they were, a sensation is a sensation; and there was general excitement when, one day at dawn, a European trader in the offing was seen signalling for a boat and a pilot.

"Had it been a fortnight later," said Moray, "it might have been our new furniture from Penang; as it is, that is altogether out of the question. If it were not that dignity forbids, and that I have an appointment with Matusin moreover, I would go down and see the skipper disembark."

"Dignity does not forbid me," said Leslie, "nor you either, for that matter, Miss Resident; it won't be very hot for an hour or two; suppose you order your palanquin."

Grace was only too willing. She would follow Leslie nowadays as Finette followed her.

The palanquin was halted beneath a clump of cocoa palms; Grace got out, and, guided by her cousin, sought shade still further out of the sun, where for a few minutes, as was very much the fashion with them, they forgot about the visitors and all the world besides. It was the sound of voices, borne through the still air, that roused them. A boat was pulling swiftly towards the shore; the ship was still lying off in the bay. Leslie negligently unslung a pair of race-glasses, and focussed them on the boat. All at once he uttered a tremendous ejaculation, and thrust the glasses into his companion's hands. "Look there, Grace! — and then tell me if we are waking or dreaming."

Grace looked, and gave a low cry of delight, as if she doubted the evidence of her senses, and yet was unwilling to awaken and be undeceived. And Finette, roused from her slumber, came whimpering to her mistress's side.

"Well, what do you make of him?" asked her lover, smiling.

"It cannot, and yet it must be. And if old Donald is in that boat off Sumatra, who can the people be on board that ship?"

"Jack Venables for one," answered Leslie confidently.

But Grace now had only eyes for the boat. After all, as Leslie was delighted to remember, all she held most dear was with her in Sanga. And what she saw was an apparition unprecedented in these seas; the stalwart figure of her dear old friend, in complete Celtic costume. Hardly, perhaps, could Donald have given a greater proof of his affection, than in defying the climate and its plagues, that his young mistress might be reminded of Glenconan. The broad Highland bonnet invited sunstroke, as the unguarded legs were irresistibly tempting to the venomous swarms of mosquitoes and sand-flies. Donald, in spite of his overstrung feelings, slapped and suffered and swore; but his tormentors and sufferings were all forgotten, when he saw "Miss Grace" rushing down with outstretched hands to welcome him. He almost fell and fawned at his lady's feet, as Finette, with her joyful whines, was leaping up and licking his face.

It was a merry dinner that night at the residency; none the less so, perhaps, that there was an undercurrent of deep and earnest feeling. By way of fillip to its conviviality, Jack had communicated the good news of the unexpectedly favorable prospects of the bank liquidation.

According to all appearances, the assets Campbell had placed at the disposal of the liquidators had so far lightened the obligations of the shareholders that there was no probability of further calls. It was possible, on the contrary, that there might be a return of moneys. In any case, if Moray's investments were swept away, he might leave an unencumbered estate to his daughter. The most sensitive conscience might consider any early indiscretions as purged, and henceforward he was a free, and should be a happy man.

It was a merry dinner, but a merrier ceremony was soon to follow. Mrs. Venables had declared that, much as she was enchanted with Sanga, it was indispensable that they should cut their visit short. And even the hospitable Moray had little to say when she gave him her reasons for the decision.

"Jack would start at a moment's notice, and I was foolish enough to consent to come with him. But he has left everything at sixes and sevens; his chief in the lurch, irritated constituents — not that that greatly signifies in the circumstances, — and speculations in the charge of my father, whose ignorance of them aggravates his responsibilities. No, my dear Mr. Moray, we must go back very soon; otherwise I should always blame myself for any misfortunes that might happen."

Moray had nothing to object, and could only consent rather ruefully.

"But, before we go, I have a favor to ask, and I fancy you know what I mean."

"Demande toujours."

"As we have come so far for so little, seeing we have found you all safe, we should wish to have the wedding happily over."

"The story of the fox who lost his own tail, Mrs. Venables; and so I suppose it was in malice prepense you gave the chaplain of the settlement a passage from Penang. Well, what will be will be; and, for my own part, I see no reason for delay. You had best speak to Leslie on the subject, and I don't doubt you will find him amenable."

Leslie so literally jumped at the suggestion, that he scarcely restrained his expressions of delight at the approaching departure of the visitors, as Mrs. Venables resentfully remarked; while Grace was too fondly proud to care to play the coquette; and if less demonstrative than Ralph, she was to the full as compliant. Though to him indeed she was outspoken enough, and placed herself as generously

at his disposal as any lover need have desired.

"As you will have me, Ralph, you may take me when you will; you have won the right to command me a thousand times over."

And Ralph could have fallen down and worshipped; only he compromised by clasping her in his embrace; a "passage of arms" which had come so naturally to him of late, that there was nothing very novel in it to either.

CHAPTER XLIV.

L'ENVOI.

To Leslie the circumstances of his wedding seemed the very irony of destiny. A quiet fellow naturally, of dreamy temperament and unobtrusive disposition, he would have liked to have taken Grace in a village church, with her father to give her away, and the clerk and a pew-duster for witnesses. And here he was to be one of the central figures in a sort of international ceremony, where, in the pomp of Oriental display, a subject people were to make holiday.

"You might have been much worse off, old fellow," remarked Jack consolingly. "You might have been married at St. George's with a bishop to officiate, and a dozen of bridesmaids before a trooping of the fashions."

"Thank you for reminding me of that," answered Leslie gratefully. "Trust you for always looking at things on their sunny side. Not that there is likely to be any lack of sunshine; and seven in the morning for a marriage seems to be rather an uncanonical hour."

Considering the noise that was made in the settlement, he might have been married much earlier, for all the sleep he got. The loyal subjects of the Sumatra Company had been wide awake all night like the mosquitoes, blazing away blank charges from rusty firearms, and letting off all manner of native squibs and crackers. No one would have guessed that, only a few weeks before, the settlement had been sacked by pirates. It seemed good policy to encourage the people in their rejoicings on so very exceptional an occasion; so Moray had been liberal of largesses, and had served out powder freely. And the Malays of the lower orders had plenty to look at, besides the unfamiliar spectacle of a Christian wedding, and the still less familiar sight of a beautiful and unveiled bride. The chiefs of the country, from the sultan downwards,

delighted to worship the rising sun and the power of the victorious English. The sultan could hardly condescend so far as to attend the ceremony in person; but our old acquaintance, Pangaran Jaffir, brought presents in his name,—strings of orient pearls, and massive bracelets of gold and emerald. Many a minor chief came with his train of followers, whom Moray received with the rough old Highland hospitality, finding them free quarters *al fresco*, with any quantity of food and drink by way of bedding and night-clothes. And there was Matusin, at the head of his household and the notables of Sanga, proud of the slash across his cheek, received from one of the piratical krises. There, among the Malays, was Donald Ross, in his tartans, dwarfing most of them by his height, broad shoulders, and muscle, and looking as warlike as any. And by Donald's side was the facetious Mr. Rafferty, with whom the Highlander had sworn eternal brotherhood, since he learned how the Irishman had stood by Miss Grace. By the way, when everybody, whether with a claim or without one, was asking favors, Mr. Rafferty had prepared a petition to Miss Moray.

"By all means, Rafferty," she had said, "I think I may promise before you ask. I am certain you will ask nothing unreasonable."

"Unreasonable! and sure thin it is the most reasonable thing in life; for it's sad you would be were your wedding to be a sorrow to me."

"Well, then, Rafferty, tell me what I can do for you."

"Just this, miss. Divil the drop of drink has passed my lips since the night thim vagabonds broke into the residincy. I don't rightly remimber how long I took the pledge for; and 'deed maybe it was the better for me, with my broken head. But I would like to be at liberty to get drunk to-morrow, were it to happen so, with an aisy conscience; and it would only be civil to Mr. Ross if I were ready to take a drop with him."

Grace laughed, though she felt the request and the consequent responsibility to be embarrassing.

"Take the drop with Donald, by all means, Rafferty; and as for the rest, I leave it to you. I am sure that, on that day of all others, you would not wish to make me ashamed of one of the best of my friends."

Whereupon Rafferty had scratched his head and thanked her, though only half satisfied. He was bound to keep sober

now, under any circumstances; and it seemed to him that it was dishonoring so solemn an occasion. "But, after all," so he consoled himself, "it was herself that bid me do it; and heaven knows it will be by no wish of my own if I should be as well-behaved as any of them water-drinking niggers."

So Mr. Rafferty kept himself strictly sober; but otherwise the ceremony went off very well. Mr. Venables proposed the health of the newly married couple in a neat and appropriate speech, and Leslie acknowledged all he owed to his friend in more effusive and touching language than he dared have used had the *déjeuner* come off in a London dining-room. As for the bride, her eyes had filled with tears, and yet Mrs. Venables was so far from feeling jealous that she shared Mrs. Leslie's emotion. Perhaps the feature of the proceedings was the resident's speech, in which he lauded to the skies both Briggs and Rafferty. Briggs broke down, as was only natural, in an almost inarticulate attempt at acknowledgment; and even the Irishman, for once, was covered with confusion, and rejoiced that his humble position sealed his lips. He contented himself with dealing Donald Ross, who was sitting next to him and cheering vociferously, a friendly blow in the ribs with his elbow.

Old shoes were scarce in the settlement, since the population wore sandals; but we need not say that, having regard to the latitude and the produce of the country, there was no lack of rice to send in showers after the pair when they embarked in a boat for the improvised bungalow in a clearing, where they were to pass the first days of the honeymoon. Heavenly as was the climate, romantic as were the surroundings, and delightfully as the lovers were wrapped up in each other, they would not have been sorry to have returned from savagery to civilization, and to have exchanged the volcanic craters of the Sanga chain for the cloud-capped summits of Glenconan. Julia had taken it for granted that if Grace did not accompany her home—and, to tell the truth, she could quite understand that each might prefer to have her husband to herself in the mean time—nevertheless she was sure to follow very speedily. But to that apparently natural arrangement an insurmountable obstacle was interposed. Moray, although again the unembarrassed master of his inheritance, and still sufficiently rich—although far less wealthy than he had been—declined altogether to resign his post. "I may die at Glen-

conan, and I trust I shall; but God has given me a duty to discharge here in the mean time. I have life enough left, I believe, to settle the settlement; nor do I intend to turn my back on the task till it is accomplished. It was in the East I erred, and in the East I have the opportunity of atoning, at all events, for early errors."

From that firm decision there was no driving him; and his daughter and his son-in-law knew him too well to attempt doing so. But being infinitely happy in each other where they were, it was no great sacrifice to prolong their exile; and Moray, being willing to concede something on his side, had the grace to acquiesce in the sacrifice. "Everything comes to those who wait," he remarked to Mr. Venables; "and when the nursery has to be furnished, they must furnish the nursery at Glenconan!"

As for Donald Ross, we need hardly say that he decided on prolonging his leave of absence indefinitely, sending Mr. Winstanley his dutiful respects and his demission as head-keeper. Though in sticking to "Miss Grace" and the fortunes of his former master, like his master he by no means gave up the expectation of being gathered to his fathers in his native glen.

From The Contemporary Review.

ON THE PLEASURE OF READING.

OF all the privileges we enjoy in this nineteenth century there is none, perhaps, for which we ought to be more thankful than for the easier access to books. In the words of an old English song—

Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
 Eyther in-a-doore or out;
 With the grene leaves whispering overhede,
 Or the streete cries all about,
 Where I maie reade all at my ease,
 Both of the newe and olde;
 For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
 Is better to me than golde.

The debt we owe to books is well expressed by R. de Bury, Bishop of Durham, author of "Philobiblon," published in 1473, and the earliest English treatise on the delights of literature: "These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them,

they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you."

This feeling that books are real friends is constantly present to all who love reading.

I have friends [said Petrarch] whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of Nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits; while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I may safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all their services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumults of society.

"He that loveth a book," says Isaac Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

Southey took a rather more melancholy view:—

My days among the dead are pass'd,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

Imagine, in the words of Aikin,

that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and oblige them to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what an inestimable privilege should we think it!—how superior to all common enjoyments! But in a well-furnished library we, in fact, possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress.

"Books," says Jeremy Collier, "are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burthen to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation."

Cicero described a room without books as a body without a soul. But it is by no means necessary to be a philosopher to love reading.

Sir John Herschel tells an amusing anecdote illustrating the pleasure derived from a book, not assuredly of the first order. In a certain village the blacksmith had got hold of Richardson's novel, "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," and used to sit on his anvil in the long summer evenings and read it aloud to a large and attentive audience. It is by no means a short book, but they fairly listened to it all. "At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived, which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing."

The lover of reading [says Leigh Hunt] will derive agreeable terror from "Sir Bertram" and "The Haunted Chamber;" will assent with delighted reason to every sentence in Mrs. Barbauld's "Essay;" will feel himself wandering into solitudes with Gray; shake honest hands with Sir Roger de Coverley; be ready to embrace Parson Adams, and to chuck Pounce out of the window instead of the hat; will travel with Marco Polo and Mungo Park; stay at home with Thomson; retire with Cowley; be industrious with Hutton; sympathizing with Gay and Mrs. Inchbald; laughing with (and at) Bunce; melancholy, and forlorn, and self-restored with the shipwrecked mariner of De Foe.

The delights of reading have been appreciated in many quarters where we might least expect it. Among the hardy Norsemen runes were supposed to be endowed with miraculous power. There is an Arabic proverb, that "a wise man's day is worth a fool's life," and, though it rather perhaps reflects the spirit of the califs than of the sultans, that "the ink of science is more precious than the blood of the martyrs."

Confucius is said to have described himself as a man who "in his eager pur-

suit of knowledge forgot his food, who in the joy of its attainment forgot his sorrows, and did not even perceive that old age was coming on."

Yet, if this could be said by the Chinese and the Arabs, what language can be strong enough to express the gratitude we ought to feel for the advantages we enjoy? We do not appreciate, I think, our good fortune in belonging to the nineteenth century. A hundred years ago many of the most delightful books were still uncreated. How much more interesting science has become especially, if I were to mention only one name, through the genius of Darwin! Renan has characterized this as a most amusing century; I should rather have described it as most interesting; presenting us with an endless vista of absorbing problems, with infinite opportunities, with more than the excitements, and less of the dangers, which surrounded our less fortunate ancestors.

Reading, indeed, is by no means necessarily study. Far from it. "I put," says Mr. Frederick Harrison in his excellent article on the "Choice of Books" (*Fortnightly Review*, 1879)—"I put the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use."

In the prologue to "The Legende of Goode Women," Chaucer says:—

And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to him give I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have him in reverence,
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seldome on the holy day,
Save, certynly, when that the monthe of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farwel my boke, and my devocion.

But I doubt whether, if he had enjoyed our advantages, he could have been so certain of tearing himself away even in the month of May.

Macaulay, who had all that wealth and fame, rank and talents could give, yet, we are told, derived his greatest happiness from books. Mr. Trevelyan, in his charming biography, says that

of the feelings which Macaulay entertained towards the great minds of bygone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same

in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. Great as were the honors and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards which he gained by his own works, were as nothing in the balance as compared with the pleasure he derived from the works of others.

There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at dinner to the company of Sterne or Fielding, Horace Walpole or Boswell.

The love of reading which Gibbon declared he would not exchange for all the treasures of India, was, in fact, with Macaulay "a main element of happiness in one of the happiest lives that it has ever fallen to the lot of the biographer to record."

Moreover, books are now so cheap as to be within the reach of almost every one. This was not always so. It is quite a recent blessing.

Mr. Ireland, to whose charming little "Book-Lover's Enchiridion," in common with every lover of reading, I am greatly indebted, tells us that when a boy he was so delighted with White's "Natural History of Selborne," that in order to possess a copy of his own he actually copied out the whole work.

Mary Lamb gives a pathetic description of a studious boy lingering at a book-stall:—

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all;
Which, when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
"You, sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh
He wished he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have
had no need.

Such snatches of literature have, indeed, a special and peculiar charm. This is, I believe, partly due to the very fact of their being brief. Many readers, I think, miss much of the pleasure of reading, by forcing themselves to dwell too long continuously on one subject. 'In a long railway journey, for instance, many persons take only a single book. The consequence is that, unless it is a story, after half an hour or an hour they are quite tired of it. Whereas, if they had two, or still better three, on different subjects, and one of them being of an amusing character, they would probably find that by changing as soon as they felt at all weary, they would

come back again and again to each with renewed zest, and hour after hour would pass pleasantly away. Every one, of course, must judge for himself, but such at least is my experience.

I quite agree, therefore, with Lord Idesleigh as to the charm of desultory reading, but the wider the field the more important that we should benefit by the very best books in each class. Not that we need confine ourselves to them, but that we should commence with them, and they will certainly lead us on to others. There are of course some books which we must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. But these are exceptions. As regards by far the larger number, it is probably better to read them quickly, dwelling only on the best and most important passages. In this way, no doubt, we shall lose much, but we gain more by ranging over a wider field. We may in fact, I think, apply to reading Lord Brougham's wise dictum as regards education, and say that it is well to read everything of something, and something of everything. In this way only we can ascertain the bent of our own tastes, for it is a general, though not of course an invariable rule, that we profit little by books which we do not enjoy.

Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure — not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash. There are many books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the ambiguous remark said to have been made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

It is wonderful, indeed, how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. An Eastern proverb says that calamities sent by heaven may be avoided, but from those we bring on ourselves there is no escape. Time is often said to be money, but it is more, for it is life itself. Yet how many there are who would cling desperately to life, and yet think nothing of wasting time!

For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves.

"I remember," says Hillard, "a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his bait to the tastes and temperaments of his prey;

but the idlers were the easiest victims, for they swallowed even the naked hook."

"Ask of the wise," says Schiller, in Lord Sherbrooke's translation,

the moments we forego
Eternity itself cannot retrieve.

Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son," with a great deal that is worldly and cynical, contain certainly much good advice. "Every moment," for instance, he says, "which you now lose is so much character and advantage lost; as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully, is so much time wisely laid out at prodigious interest." "Do what you will," he elsewhere observes, "only do something." "Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it."

Is not happiness indeed a duty, as well as self-denial? It has been well said that some of our teachers err, perhaps, in that "they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but exhibit not the duty of delight." We must, however, be ungrateful indeed if we cannot appreciate the wonderful and beautiful world in which we live. Moreover, how can we better make others happy than by being cheerful and happy ourselves?

Few, indeed, attain the philosophy of Hegel, who is said to have calmly finished his "*Phaenomenologie des Geistes*" at Jena, on October 14, 1806, not knowing anything whatever of the battle that was raging round him. Most men, however, may at will make of this world either a palace or a prison, and there are few more effective and more generally available sources of happiness than the wise use of books.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting what are called stiff books for fear they should not understand them; but, as Hobbes said, there are few who need complain of the narrowness of their minds, if only they would do their best with them.

In reading, however, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I remember years ago consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interested me most, and advised me to choose that subject. This indeed applies to the work of life generally.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborer and mechanic. Does not this seem

natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer or mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work-time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and could therefore give any leisure they might have to reading and study. They have not done so as yet, it is true; but this has been for obvious reasons. Now, however, in the first place, they receive an excellent education in elementary schools, and have more easy access to the best books.

Ruskin has observed he does not wonder at what men suffer, but he often wonders at what they lose. We suffer much, no doubt, from the faults of others, but we lose much more by our own.

It is one thing, however, to own a library; it is another to use it wisely. Every one of us may say with Proctor:—

All round the room my silent servants wait;
My friends in every season, bright and dim,
Angels and seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late.

Yet too often they wait in vain. I have often been astonished how little care people devote to the selection of what they read. Books we know are almost innumerable; our hours for reading are alas! very few. And yet many people read almost by hazard. They will take any book they chance to find in a room at a friend's house; they will buy a novel at a railway stall if it has an attractive title; indeed, I believe in some cases even the binding affects the choice. The selection is, no doubt, far from easy. I have often wished some one would recommend a list of a hundred good books. If we had such lists drawn up by a few good guides they would be most useful. I have indeed sometimes heard it said that in reading every one must choose for himself, but this reminds me of the recommendation not to go into the water till you can swim.

In the absence of such lists I have picked out the books most frequently mentioned with approval by those who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasure of reading, and have ventured to include some which, though less frequently mentioned, are especial favorites of my own. Every one who looks at the list will wish to suggest other books, as

indeed I should myself, but in that case the number would soon run up.*

I have abstained, for obvious reasons, from mentioning works by living authors, though from many of them—Tennyson, Ruskin, and others—I have myself derived the keenest enjoyment; and have omitted works on science, with one or two exceptions, because the subject is so progressive.

I feel that the attempt is overbold; and I must beg for indulgence; but indeed one object which I have had in view is to stimulate others more competent far than I am to give us the advantage of their opinions.

Moreover, I must repeat that I suggest these works rather as those which, as far as I have seen, have been most frequently recommended, than as suggestions of my own, though I have slipped in a few of my own special favorites.

In the absence of such lists we may fall back on the general verdict of mankind. There is a "struggle for existence" and "a survival of the fittest" among books, as well as among animals and plants.

As Alonzo of Aragon said, "Age is a recommendation in four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read." Still, this cannot be accepted without important qualifications. The most recent books of history and science contain, or ought to contain, the most accurate information and the most trustworthy conclusions. Moreover, while the books of other races and times have an interest from their very distance, it must be admitted that many will still more enjoy, and feel more at home with, those of our own century and people.

Yet the oldest books of the world are remarkable and interesting on account of their very age; and the works which have influenced the opinions or charmed the leisure hours of millions of men in distant times and far-away regions are well worth reading on that very account, even if they seem scarcely to deserve their reputation. It is true that to many of us such works are accessible only in translations; but translations, though they can never perhaps do justice to the original, may yet be admirable in themselves. The Bible itself, which must stand at the head of the list, is a conclusive case.

* Several longer lists have been given; for instance, by Comte (Catechism of Positive Philosophy); Pycroft (Course of English Reading); Baldwin (The Book-Lover); and Perkins (The Best Reading).

At the head of all non-Christian moralists, I must place the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, certainly one of the noblest books in the whole of literature; so short, moreover, so accessible, and so well translated that it is always a source of wonder to me that it is so little read. Next to Marcus Aurelius I think must come Epictetus. The "Analects" of Confucius will, I believe, prove disappointing to most English readers, but the effect it has produced on the most numerous race of men constitutes in itself a peculiar interest. The "Ethics" of Aristotle, perhaps, appear to some disadvantage from the very fact that they have so profoundly influenced our views of morality. The Koran, like the "Analects" of Confucius, will to most of us derive its principal interest from the effect it has exercised, and still exercises, on so many millions of our fellow-men. I doubt whether in any other respect it will seem to repay perusal, and to most persons probably certain extracts, not too numerous, would appear sufficient.

The writings of the Apostolic Fathers have been collected in one volume by Wake. It is but a small one, and though I must humbly confess that I was disappointed, they are perhaps all the more curious from the contrast they afford to those of the Apostles themselves. Of the later Fathers I have included only the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, which Dr. Pusey selected for the commencement of the "Library of the Fathers," and as he observes has "been translated again and again into almost every European language, and in all loved;" though Luther was of opinion that he "wrote nothing to the purpose concerning faith;" but then Luther was no great admirer of the Fathers. St. Jerome, he says, "writes, alas! very coldly;" Chrysostom "digresses from the chief points;" St. Jerome is "very poor;" and in fact, he says, "the more I read the books of the Fathers the more I find myself offended;" while Renan, in his interesting autobiography, compared theology to a Gothic cathedral, "*Elle a la grandeur, les vides immenses, et le peu de solidité.*"

Among other devotional works most frequently recommended are Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," Pascal's "Pensées," Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," Butler's "Analogy of Religion," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Keble's beautiful "Christian Year," and last, not least, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Aristotle and Plato again stand at the head of another class. The "Politics" of Aristotle, and Plato's "Dialogues," if not the whole, at any rate the "Phædo" and the "Republic," will be of course read by all who wish to know anything of the history of human thought, though I am heretical enough to doubt whether they repay the minute and laborious study often devoted to them.

Aristotle being the father, if not the creator, of the modern scientific method, it has followed naturally—indeed, almost inevitably—that his principles have become part of our very intellectual being, so that they seem now almost self-evident, while his actual observations, though very remarkable—as, for instance, when he observes that bees on one journey confine themselves to one kind of flower—still have been superseded by others, carried on under more favorable conditions. We must not be ungrateful to the great master, because his own lessons have taught us how to advance.

Plato, on the other hand, I say so with all respect, seems to me in some cases to play on words; his arguments are very able, very philosophical, often very noble; but not always conclusive; in a language differently constructed they might sometimes tell in exactly the opposite sense. If this method has proved less fruitful, if in metaphysics we have made but little advance, that very fact in one point of view leaves the "Dialogues" of Socrates as instructive now as ever they were; while the problems with which they deal will always rouse our interest, as the calm and lofty spirit which inspires them must command our admiration.

I would also mention Demosthenes' "De Coronâ," which Lord Brougham pronounced the greatest oration of the greatest of orators; Lucretius, Plutarch's Lives, Horace, and at least the "De Officiis," "De Amicitia," and "De Senectute" of Cicero.

The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few, comparatively, ever read the Iliad or Odyssey, Hesiod or Virgil, after leaving school!

The "Nibelungenlied," or great Anglo-Saxon epic, is perhaps too much neglected, no doubt on account of its painful character. Brunhild and Kriemhild, indeed, are far from perfect, but we meet with few such "live" women in Greek or Roman literature. Nor must I omit to mention Sir T. Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," though

I confess I do so mainly in deference to the judgment of others.

Among the Greek tragedians, Æschylus, if not the whole, at any rate "Prometheus," perhaps the sublimest poem in Greek literature, and the trilogy (Mark Pattison considered "Agamemnon" "the grandest work of creative genius in the whole range of literature"); or, as Mr. Grant Duff recommends, "The Persæ;" Sophocles ("Œdipus"), Euripides ("Medea"), and Aristophanes ("The Knights"); though I think most modern readers will prefer our modern poets.

I should like, moreover, to say a word for Eastern poetry, such as portions of the "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana" (too long probably to be read through, but of which Talboys Wheeler has given a most interesting epitome in the first two volumes of his "History of India"); the "Shahnameh," the work of the great Persian poet, Firdusi; and the "Sheking," the classical collection of ancient Chinese odes. Many, I know, will think I ought to have included Omar Khayyam.

In history we are beginning to feel that the vices and vicissitudes of kings and queens, the dates of battles and wars, are far less important than the development of human thought, the progress of art, of science, and of law, and the subject is on that very account even more interesting than ever. I will, however, only mention, and that rather from a literary than an historical point of view, Herodotus, Xenophon (the "Anabasis"), Thucydides, and Tacitus ("Germania"); and of modern historians, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Hume's "History of England," Carlyle's "French Revolution," Grote's "History of Greece," and Green's "Short History of England."

Science is so rapidly progressive that, though to many minds it is the most fruitful and interesting subject of all, I cannot here rest on that agreement which, rather than my own opinion, I take as the basis of my list. I will therefore only mention Bacon's "Novum Organum," Mill's "Logic," and Darwin's "Origin of Species;" in political economy, which some of our rulers now scarcely seem sufficiently to value, Mill, and parts of Smith's "Wealth of Nations," for probably those who do not intend to make a special study of political economy would scarcely read the whole.

Among voyages and travels, perhaps those most frequently suggested are Cook's "Voyages," Humboldt's "Travels," and Darwin's "Naturalist on the

Beagle;" though I confess I should like to have added many more.

Mr. Bright not long ago specially recommended the less known American poets, but he probably assumes that every one would have read Shakespeare, Milton ("Paradise Lost," "Lycidas," and minor poems), Chaucer, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, Pope, Southey, Heine, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures.

Among other books most frequently recommended are Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," White's "Natural History of Selborne," Burke's Select Works (Payne), the Essays of Addison, Hume, Montaigne, Macaulay, and Emerson; the plays of Molière and Sheridan; Carlyle's "Past and Present," Smiles's "Self-Help," and Goethe's "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister."

Nor can one go wrong in recommending Berkeley's "Human Knowledge," Descartes's "Discours sur la Méthode," Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding," Lewes's "History of Philosophy;" while, in order to keep within the number one hundred, I can only mention Molière and Sheridan among dramatists. Macaulay considered Marivaux's "La Vie de Marianne" the best novel in any language, but my number is so nearly complete that I must content myself with English; and will suggest Miss Austen (either "Emma," or "Pride and Prejudice"), Thackeray ("Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis"), Dickens ("Pickwick" and "David Copperfield"), G. Eliot ("Adam Bede") Kingsley, ("Westward Ho"!), Lytton ("Last Days of Pompeii"), and last, not least, those of Scott, which indeed constitute a library in themselves, but which I must ask, in return for my trouble, to be allowed, as a special favor, to count as one.

To any lover of books the very mention of these names brings back a crowd of delicious memories, grateful recollections of peaceful home hours, after the labors and anxieties of the day. How thankful we ought to be for these inestimable blessings, for this numberless host of friends who never weary, betray, or forsake us!

LIST OF 100 BOOKS.

Works by Living Authors are omitted.

The Bible.

The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius (Long's translation).

Epictetus.
 Aristotle's Ethics.
 Analects of Confucius (Legge's translation).
 St. Hilaire's *La Bouddha et sa Religion*.
 Wake's Apostolic Fathers.
 Thos. à Kempis's Imitation of Christ.
 Confessions of St. Augustine (Dr. Pusey).
 The Koran (portions of).
 Spinoza's Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.
 Comte's Catechism of Positive Philosophy
 (Congreve).
 Pascal's *Pensées*.
 Butler's Analogy of Religion.
 Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.
 Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
 Keble's Christian Year.

Plato's Dialogues; at any rate, the Republic
 and Phædo.
 Aristotle's Politics.
 Demosthenes' *De Coronâ*.
 Cicero's *De Officiis*, *De Amicitia*, and *De
 Senectute*.
 Plutarch's Lives.
 Berkeley's Human Knowledge.
 Descartes's *Discours sur la Méthode*.
 Locke's On the Conduct of the Understanding.

Homer.
 Hesiod.
 Virgil.
 Mahabharata { Epitomized in Talboys
 Ramayana { Wheeler's History of India,
 { vols. i. and ii.
 The Shahnameh.
 The Nibelungenlied.
 Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*.
 The Sheking.
 Æschylus' Prometheus.
 Trilogv of Orestes.
 Sophocles' *Cædipus*.
 Euripides' *Medea*.
 Aristophanes' *The Knights*.
 Horace.
 Lucretius.
 Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (perhaps in Mor-
 ris's edition; or, if expurgated, in Mrs.
 Haweis').
 Shakespeare.
 Milton's *Paradise Lost*, *Lycidas*, and the
 shorter poems.
 Dante's *Divina Commedia*.
 Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.
 Dryden's Poems.
 Scott's Poems.
 Wordsworth (Mr. Arnold's selection).
 Southey's *Thalaba the Destroyer*.
 The Curse of Kehama.
 Pope's Essay on Criticism.
 Essay on Man.
 Rape of the Lock.
 Burns.
 Heine.
 Gray.
 Herodotus.
 Xenophon's *Anabasis*.
 Thucydides.

Tacitus' *Germania*.
 Livy.
 Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.
 Hume's *History of England*.
 Grote's *History of Greece*.
 Carlyle's *French Revolution*.
 Green's *Short History of England*.
 Lewes's *History of Philosophy*.
 Arabian Nights.
 Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*.
 Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*.
 Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*.
 Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.
 Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.
 Molière.
 Sheridan's *The Critic*, *School for Scandal*, and
The Rivals.
 Carlyle's *Past and Present*.
 Smiles's *Self-Help*.

Bacon's *Novum Organum*.
 Smith's *Wealth of Nations* (part of).
 Mill's *Political Economy*.
 Cook's *Voyages*.
 Humboldt's *Travels*.
 White's *Natural History of Selborne*.

Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and *Naturalist's
 Voyage*.
 Mill's *Logic*.
 Bacon's *Essays*.
 Montaigne's *Essays*.
 Hume's *Essays*.
 Macaulay's *Essays*.
 Addison's *Essays*.
 Emerson's *Essays*.
 Burke's *Select Works* (Payne).

Voltaire's *Zadig*.
 Goethe's *Faust*, and *Wilhelm Meister*.
 Miss Austen's *Emma*, or *Pride and Prejudice*.
 Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.
 Pendennis.
 Dickens's *Pickwick*.
 David Copperfield.
 Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*.
 George Eliot's *Adam Bede*.
 Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*
 Scott's *Novels*.

NOTE. — The lists which have been given in some
 papers were not complete or correct.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
 LONG ODDS.

THE story which is narrated in the fol-
 lowing pages came to me from the lips of
 my old friend Allan Quatermain, or Hunt-
 er Quatermain, as we used to call him in
 South Africa. He told it to me one even-
 ing when I was stopping with him at the
 place he bought in Yorkshire. Shortly

after that, the death of his only son so unsettled him, that he immediately left England, accompanied by two companions, who were old fellow-voyagers of his, Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good, and has now utterly vanished into the dark heart of Africa. He is persuaded that a white people, of which he has heard rumors all his life, exists somewhere on the highlands in the vast, still unexplored interior, and his great ambition is to find them before he dies. This is the wild quest upon which he and his companions have departed, and from which I shrewdly suspect they never will return. One letter only have I received from the old gentleman, dated from a mission station high up the Tana, a river on the east coast, about three hundred miles north of Zanzibar; in it he says they have gone through many hardships and adventures, but are alive and well, and have found traces which go far towards making him hope that the results of their wild quest may be a "magnificent and unexampled discovery." I greatly fear, however, that all he has discovered is death; for this letter came a long while ago, and nobody has heard a single word of the party since. They have totally vanished.

It was on the last evening of my stay at his house that he told the ensuing story to me and Captain Good, who was dining with him. He had eaten his dinner and drunk two or three glasses of old port, just to help Good and myself to the end of the second bottle. It was an unusual thing for him to do, for he was a most abstemious man, having conceived, as he used to say, a great horror of drink from observing its effects upon the class of men — hunters, transport riders, and others — amongst whom he had passed so many years of his life. Consequently the good wine took more effect on him than it would have done on most men, sending a little flush into his wrinkled cheeks, and making him talk more freely than usual.

Dear old man! I can see him now, as he went limping up and down the vestibule, with his grey hair sticking up in scrubbing-brush fashion, his shrivelled yellow face, and his large dark eyes, that were as keen as any hawk's and yet soft as a buck's. The whole room was hung with trophies of his numerous hunting expeditions, and he had some story about every one of them, if only you could get him to tell them. Generally he would not, for he was not very fond of narrating his own adventures, but to-night the port wine made him more communicative.

"Ah, you brute!" he said, stopping beneath an unusually large skull of a lion, which was fixed just over the mantelpiece, beneath a long row of guns, its jaws distended to their utmost width. "Ah, you brute! you have given me a lot of trouble for the last dozen years, and will, I suppose, to my dying day."

"Tell us the yarn, Quatermain," said Good. "You have often promised to tell me, and you never have."

"You had better not ask me to," he answered, "for it is a longish one."

"All right," I said, "the evening is young, and there is some more port."

Thus adjured, he filled his pipe from a jar of coarse-cut Boer tobacco that was always standing on the mantelpiece, and still walking up and down the room, began.

"It was, I think, in the March of '69 that I was up in Sikukuni's country. It was just after old Sequati's time, and Sikukuni had got into power — I forget how. Anyway, I was there. I had heard that the Bapedi people had got down an enormous quantity of ivory from the interior, and so I started with a wagon-load of goods, and came straight away from Middelburg to try and trade some of it. It was a risky thing to go into the country so early, on account of the fever; but I knew that there was one or two others after that lot of ivory, so I determined to have a try for it, and take my chance of fever. I had got so tough from continual knocking about that I did not set it down at much. Well, I got on all right for a while. It is a wonderfully beautiful piece of bush veldt, with great ranges of mountains running through it, and round granite koppies starting up here and there, looking out like sentinels over the rolling waste of bush. But it is very hot — hot as a stewpan — and when I was there that March, which, of course, is autumn in that part of Africa, the whole place reeked of fever. Every morning, as I trekked along down by the Oliphant River, I used to creep out of the wagon at dawn and look out. But there was no river to be seen — only a long line of billows of what looked like the finest cotton wool tossed up lightly with a pitchfork. It was the fever mist. Out from among the scrub too came little spirals of vapor, as though there were hundreds of tiny fires alight in it — reek rising from thousands of tons of rotting vegetation. It was a beautiful place, but the beauty was the beauty of death; and all those lines and blots of vapor wrote one great word across the surface of the country, and that word was 'fever.'

"It was a dreadful year of illness that. I came, I remember, to one little kraal of knobnoses, and went up to it to see if I could get some *maas* (curdled butter-milk) and a few mealies. As I got near I was struck with the silence of the place. No children began to chatter, and no dogs barked. Nor could I see any native sheep or cattle. The place, though it had evidently been recently inhabited, was as still as the bush round it, and some guinea fowl got up out of the prickly-pear bushes right at the kraal gate. I remember that I hesitated a little before going in, there was such an air of desolation about the spot. Nature never looks desolate when man has not yet laid his hand upon her breast; she is only lovely. But when man has been, and has passed away, then she looks desolate.

"Well, I passed into the kraal, and went up to the principal hut. In front of the hut was something with an old sheep-skin *kaross* (rug) thrown over it. I stooped down and drew off the rug, and then shrank back amazed, for under it was the body of a young woman recently dead. For a moment I thought of turning back, but my curiosity overcame me; so going past the woman, I went down on my hands and knees and crept into the hut. It was so dark that I could not see anything, though I could smell a great deal — so I lit a match. It was a 'tandstickor' match and burnt slowly and dimly, and as the light gradually increased I made out what I thought was a lot of people, men, women, and children, fast asleep. Presently it burnt up brightly, and I saw that they too, five of them altogether, were quite dead. One was a baby. I dropped the match in a hurry, and was making my way out of the hut as hard as I could go, when I caught sight of two bright eyes staring out of a corner. Thinking it was a wild-cat, or some such animal, I redoubled my haste, when suddenly a voice near the eyes began first to mutter, and then to send up a succession of awful yells. Hastily I lit another match, and perceived that the eyes belonged to an old woman, wrapped up in a greasy leather garment. Taking her by the arm, I dragged her out, for she could not, or would not, come by herself, and the stench was overpowering me. Such a sight as she was — a bag of bones, covered over with black, shriveled parchment. The only white thing about her was her wool, and she seemed to be pretty well dead except for her eyes and her voice. She thought that I was a devil come to take her, and that

was why she yelled so. Well, I got her down to the wagon, and gave her a 'tot' of Cape smoke, and then, as soon as it was ready, poured about a pint of beef tea down her throat, made from the flesh of a blue vilder-beeste I had killed the day before, and after that she brightened up wonderfully. She could talk Zulu — indeed, it turned out that she had run away from Zululand in T'Chaka's time — and she told me that all the people that I had seen had died of fever. When they had died, the other inhabitants of the kraal had taken the cattle and gone away, leaving the poor old woman, who was helpless from age and infirmity, to perish of starvation or disease, as the case might be. She had been sitting there for three days among the bodies when I found her. I took her on to the next kraal, and gave the headman a blanket to look after her, promising him another if I found her well when I came back. I remember that he was much astonished at my parting with two blankets for the sake of such a worthless old creature. 'Why did I not leave her in the bush?' he asked. Those people carry the doctrine of the survival of the fittest to its extreme, you see.

"It was the night after I had got rid of the old woman that I made my first acquaintance with my friend yonder," and he nodded towards the skull that seemed to be grinning down at us in the shadow of the wide mantelsheff. "I had trekked from dawn till eleven o'clock — a long trek — but I wanted to get on; and then had the oxen turned out to graze, sending the voorlooper to look after them, meaning to inspan again about six o'clock, and trek with the moon till ten. Then I got into the wagon and had a good sleep till half past two or so in the afternoon, when I got up and cooked some meat, and had my dinner, washing it down with a pannikin of black coffee — for it was difficult to get preserved milk in those days. Just as I had finished, and the driver, a man called Tom, was washing up the things, in comes the young scoundrel of a voorlooper driving one ox before him.

"Where are the other oxen?" I asked.

"'Koos!' he said, 'koos! (chief) the other oxen have gone away. I turned my back for a minute, and when I looked round again they were all gone except Kaptein, here, who was rubbing his back against a tree.'

"You mean that you have been asleep, and let them stray, you villain. I will rub your back against a stick,' I answered, feeling very angry, for it was not a pleas-

ant prospect to be stuck up in that fever-trap for a week or so while we were hunting for the oxen. 'Off you go, and you too, Tom, and mind you don't come back till you have found them. They have trekked back along the Middelburg road, and are a dozen miles off by now, I'll be bound. Now, no words; go, both of you.'

"Tom, the driver, swore and caught the lad a hearty kick, which he richly deserved, and then, having tied old Kaptein up to the disselboom with a reim, they got their assegais and sticks and started. I would have gone too, only I knew that somebody must look after the wagon, and I did not like to leave either of the boys with it at night. I was in a very bad temper, indeed, although I was pretty well used to these sort of occurrences, and soothed myself by taking a rifle and going to kill something. For a couple of hours I poked about without seeing anything that I could get a shot at, but at last, just as I was again within seventy yards of the wagon, I put up an old Impala ram from behind a mimosa thorn. He ran straight for the wagon, and it was not till he was passing within a few feet of it that I could get a decent shot at him. Then I pulled, and caught him half-way down the spine; over he went, dead as a door nail, and a pretty shot it was, though I ought not to say it. This little incident put me into rather a better temper, especially as the buck had rolled over right against the after part of the wagon, so I had only to gut him, fix a reim round his legs, and haul him up. By the time I had done this, the sun was down, and the full moon was up, and a beautiful moon it was. And then there came down that wonderful hush that sometimes falls over the African bush in the early hours of the night. No beast was moving, and no bird called. Not a breath of air stirred the quiet trees, and the shadows did not even quiver; they only grew. It was very oppressive and very lonely, for there was not a sign of the cattle or the boys. I was quite thankful for the society of old Kaptein, who was lying down contentedly against the disselboom, chewing the cud with a good conscience.

"Presently, however, Kaptein began to get restless. First he snorted, then he got up and snorted again. I could not make it out, so like a fool I got down off the wagon box to have a look round, thinking it might be the lost oxen coming.

"Next instant I regretted it, for all of a sudden I heard an awful roar and saw

something yellow flash past me and light on poor Kaptein. Then came a bellow of agony from the ox, and a crunch as the lion put his teeth through the poor brute's neck, and I began to realize what had happened. My rifle was in the wagon, and my first thought was to get hold of it, and I turned and made a bolt for it. I got my foot on the wheel and flung my body forward on to the wagon, and there I stopped as if I were frozen, and no wonder, for as I was about to spring up I heard the lion behind me, and next second I felt the brute, ay, as plainly as I can feel this table. I felt him, I say, sniffing at my left leg that was hanging down.

"My word! I did feel queer; I don't think that I ever felt so queer before. I dared not move for the life of me, and the odd thing was that I seemed to lose power over my leg, which had an insane sort of inclination to kick out of its own mere motion — just as hysterical people want to laugh when they ought to be particularly solemn. Well, the lion sniffed and sniffed, beginning at my ankle and slowly nosing away up to my thigh. I thought that he was going to get hold then, but he did not. He only growled softly, and went back to the ox. Shifting my head a little I got a full view of him. He was the biggest lion I ever saw, and I have seen a great many, and he had a most tremendous black mane. What his teeth were like you can see — look there, pretty big ones, ain't they? Altogether he was a magnificent animal, and as I lay there sprawling on the fore tongue of the wagon, it occurred to me that he would look uncommonly well in a cage. He stood there by the carcass of poor Kaptein, and deliberately disembowelled him as neatly as a butcher could have done. All this while I dared not move, for he kept lifting his head and keeping an eye on me as he licked his bloody chops. When he had cleaned Kaptein out, he opened his mouth and roared, and I am not exaggerating when I say that the sound shook the wagon. Instantly there came back an answering roar.

"'Heavens!' I thought, 'there is his mate.'

"Hardly was the thought out of my head when I caught sight in the moonlight of the lioness bounding along through the long grass, and after her a couple of cubs about the size of mastiffs. She stopped within a few feet of my head, and stood, and waved her tail, and fixed me with her glowing yellow eyes; but just as I thought

that it was all over she turned, and began to feed on Kaptein, and so did the cubs. There were the four of them within eight feet of me, growling and quarrelling, rending and tearing and crunching poor Kaptein's bones; and there I lay shaking with terror, and the cold perspiration pouring out of me, feeling like another Daniel come to judgment in a new sense of the phrase. Presently the cubs had eaten their fill, and began to get restless. One went round to the back of the wagon, and pulled at the Impala buck that hung there, and the other came round my way and began the sniffing game at my leg. Indeed, he did more than that, for, my trouser being hitched up a little, he began to lick the bare skin with his rough tongue. The more he licked the more he liked it, to judge from his increased vigor and the loud purring noise he made. Then I knew that the end had come, for in another second his file-like tongue would have rasped through the skin of my leg — which was luckily pretty tough — and have got to the blood, and then there would be no chance for me. So I just lay there and thought of my sins, and prayed to the Almighty, and thought that after all life was a very enjoyable thing.

"And then all of a sudden I heard a crashing of bushes and the shouting and whistling of men, and there were the two boys coming back with the cattle which they had found trekking along all together. The lions lifted their heads and listened, and then without a sound bounded off — and I fainted.

"The lions came back no more that night, and by the next morning my nerves had got pretty straight again; but I was full of wrath when I thought of all that I had gone through at the hands, or rather noses, of those four lions, and of the fate of my after-ox Kaptein. He was a splendid ox, and I was very fond of him. So wroth was I that like a fool I determined to go for the whole family of them. It was worthy of a greenhorn out on his first hunting-trip; but I did it nevertheless. Accordingly after breakfast, having rubbed some oil upon my leg, which was very sore from the cub's tongue, I took the driver, Tom, who did not half like the job, and having armed myself with an ordinary double No. 12 smoothbore, the first breech-loader I ever had, I started. I took the smoothbore because it shot a bullet very well; and my experience has been that a round ball from a smoothbore is quite as effective against a lion as an express bullet. The lion is soft and not

a difficult animal to finish if you hit him anywhere in the body. A buck takes far more killing.

"Well, I started, and the first thing I set to work to do was to try to make out whereabouts the brutes lay up for the day. About three hundred yards from the wagon was the crest of a rise covered with single mimosa-trees, dotted about in a park-like fashion, and beyond this was a stretch of open plain running down to a dry pan, or water-hole, which covered about an acre of ground, and was densely clothed with reeds, now in the sere and yellow leaf. From the further edge of this pan the ground sloped up again to the great cleft, or nullah, which had been cut out by the action of water, and was pretty thickly sprinkled with bush, amongst which grew some large trees, I forget of what sort.

"It at once struck me that the dry pan would be a likely place to find my friends in, as there is nothing a lion is fonder of than lying up in reeds, through which he can see things without being seen himself. Accordingly thither I went and prospected. Before I had got half-way round the pan I found the remains of a blue vilder-beeste that had evidently been killed within the last three or four days and partially devoured by lions; and from other indications about I was soon assured that if the family were not in the pan that day, they spent a good deal of their spare time there. But if there, the question was how to get them out; for it was clearly impossible to think of going in after them unless one was quite determined to commit suicide. Now there was a strong wind blowing from the direction of the wagon, across the reedy pan towards the bush-clad kloof or donga, and this first gave me the idea of firing the reeds, which, as I think I told you, were pretty dry. Accordingly Tom took some matches and began starting little fires to the left, and I did the same to the right. But the reeds were still green at the bottom, and we should never have got them well alight had it not been for the wind, which got stronger and stronger as the sun got higher, and forced the fire into them. At last, after half-an-hour's trouble, the flames got a hold, and began to spread out like a fan, whereupon I got round to the further side of the pan to wait for the lions, standing well out in the open, as we stood at the copse to-day where you shot the woodcock. It was a rather risky thing to do, but I used to be so sure of my shooting in those days that I did not so much mind the risk. Scarcely had I got round when

I heard the reeds parting before the onward rush of some animal. 'Now for it,' said I. On it came. I could see that it was yellow, and prepared for action, when instead of a lion out bounded a beautiful reit bok which had been lying in the shelter of the pan. It must, by the way, have been a reit bok of a peculiarly confiding nature to lay itself down with the lion like the lamb of prophesy, but I suppose that the reeds were thick, and that it kept a long way off.

"Well, I let the reit bok go, and it went like the wind, and kept my eyes fixed upon the reeds. The fire was burning like a furnace now; the flames crackling and roaring as they bit into the reeds, sending spouts of fire twenty feet and more into the air, and making the hot air dance above it in a way that was perfectly dazzling. But the reeds were still half green, and created an enormous quantity of smoke, which came rolling towards me like a curtain, lying very low on account of the wind. Presently, above the crackling of the fire, I heard a startled roar, then another and another. So the lions were at home.

"I was beginning to get excited now, for, as you fellows know, there is nothing in experience to warm up your nerves like a lion at close quarters, unless it is a wounded buffalo; and I got still more so when I made out through the smoke that the lions were all moving about on the extreme edge of the reeds. Occasionally they would pop their heads out like rabbits from a burrow, and then, catching sight of me standing about fifty yards out, draw them back again. I knew that it must be getting pretty warm behind them, and that they could not keep the game up for long; and I was not mistaken, for suddenly all four of them broke cover together, the old black-maned lion leading by a few yards. I never saw a more splendid sight in all my hunting experience than those four lions bounding across the veldt, overshadowed by the dense pall of smoke and backed by the fiery furnace of the burning reeds.

"I reckoned that they would pass, on their road to the bushy kloof, within about five-and-twenty yards of me, so, taking a long breath, I got my gun well on to the lion's shoulder—the black-maned one—so as to allow for an inch or two of motion, and catch him through the heart. I was on, dead on, and my finger was just beginning to tighten on the trigger, when suddenly I went blind—a bit of reed-ash had drifted into my right eye. I danced

and rubbed, and got it more or less clear just in time to see the tail of the last lion vanishing round the bushes up the kloof.

"If ever a man was mad I was that man. It was too bad; and such a shot in the open, too! However, I was not going to be beaten, so I just turned and marched for the kloof. Tom, the driver, begged and implored me not to go, but though as a general rule I never pretended to be very brave (which I am not), I was determined that I would either kill those lions or they should kill me. So I told Tom that he need not come unless he liked, but I was going; and being a plucky fellow, a Swazi by birth, he shrugged his shoulders, muttered that I was mad or bewitched, and followed doggedly in my tracks.

"We soon got to the kloof, which was about three hundred yards in length and but sparsely wooded, and then the real fun began. There might be a lion behind every bush—there certainly were four lions somewhere; the delicate question was, where. I peeped and poked and looked in every possible direction, with my heart in my mouth, and was at last rewarded by catching a glimpse of something yellow moving behind a bush. At the same moment, from another bush opposite me out burst one of the cubs and galloped back towards the burnt-out pan. I whipped round and let drive a snapshot that tipped him head over heels, breaking his back within two inches of the root of the tail, and there he lay helpless but glaring. Tom afterwards killed him with his assegai. I opened the breech of the gun and hurriedly pulled out the old case, which, to judge from what ensued, must I suppose have burst and left a portion of its fabric sticking to the barrel. At any rate, when I tried to get in the new case it would only enter half-way; and—would you believe it?—this was the moment that the lioness, attracted no doubt by the outcry of her cub, chose to put in an appearance. There she stood, twenty paces or so from me, lashing her tail and looking just as wicked as it is possible to conceive. Slowly I stepped backwards, trying to push in the new case, and as I did so she moved on in little runs, dropping down after each run. The danger was imminent, and the case would not go in. At the moment I oddly enough thought of the cartridge-maker, whose name I will not mention, and earnestly hoped that if the lion got me some condign punishment would overtake him. It would not go in, so I tried to pull it out. It would not come out either, and my gun

was useless if I could not shut it to use the other barrel. I might as well have had no gun. Meanwhile I was walking backward, keeping my eye on the lioness, who was creeping forward on her belly without a sound, but lashing her tail and keeping her eye on me; and in it I saw that she was coming in a few seconds more. I dashed my wrist and the palm of my hand against the brass rim of the cartridge till the blood poured from them—look, there are the scars of it to this day!"

Here Quatermain held up his right hand to the light and showed us seven or eight white cicatrices just where the wrist is set into the hand.

"But it was not of the slightest use," he went on; "the cartridge would not move. I only hope that no other man will ever be put in such an awful position. The lioness gathered herself together, and I gave myself up for lost, when suddenly Tom shouted out from somewhere in my rear,—

"You are walking on to the wounded cub; turn to the right."

"I had the sense, dazed as I was, to take the hint, and slewing round at right angles, but still keeping my eyes on the lioness, I continued my backward walk.

"To my intense relief, with a low growl she straightened herself, turned, and bounded off further up the kloof.

"Come on, Inkoos," said Tom, "let's get back to the wagon."

"All right, Tom," I answered. "I will when I have killed those three other lions," for by this time I was bent on shooting them as I never remember being bent on anything before or since. "You can go if you like, or you can get up a tree."

"He considered the position a little, and then he very wisely got up a tree. I wish that I had done the same.

"Meanwhile I had got out my knife, which had an extractor in it, and succeeded after some difficulty in hauling out the case which had so nearly been the cause of my death, and removing the obstruction in the barrel. It was very little thicker than a postage-stamp; certainly not thicker than a piece of writing-paper. This done I loaded the gun, bound my handkerchief round my wrist and hand to staunch the flowing of the blood, and started on again.

"I had noticed that the lioness went into a thick green bush, or rather cluster of bushes, growing near the water, for there was a little stream running down the kloof, about fifty yards higher up, and for

this I made. When I got there, however, I could see nothing, so I took up a big stone and threw it into the bushes. I believe that it hit the other cub, for out it came with a rush, giving me a broadside shot of which I promptly availed myself, knocking it over dead. Out, too, came the lioness like a flash of light, but quick as she went I managed to put the other bullet into her ribs, so that she rolled right over three times like a shot rabbit. I instantly got two more cartridges into the gun, and as I did so the lioness got up again and came crawling towards me on her forepaws, roaring and groaning, and with such an expression of diabolical fury on her countenance as I have not often seen. I shot her again through the chest, and she fell over on to her side quite dead.

"That was the first and last time that I ever killed a brace of lions right and left, and, what is more, I never heard of anybody else doing it. Naturally I was considerably pleased with myself, and having again loaded up, went on to look for the black-maned beauty who had killed Kaptein. Slowly and with the greatest care I proceeded up the kloof, searching every bush and tuft of grass as I went. It was wonderfully exciting work, for I never was sure from one moment to another but that he would be on me. I took comfort, however, from the reflection that a lion rarely attacks a man—rarely, I say; sometimes he does, as you will see—unless he is cornered or wounded. I must have been nearly an hour hunting after the lion. Once I thought I saw something move in a clump of tambouki grass, but I could not be sure, and when I trod out the grass I could not find him.

"At last I got up to the head of the kloof, which made a *cul-de-sac*. It was formed of a wall of rock about fifty feet high. Down this rock trickled a little waterfall, and in front of it, some seventy feet from its face, was a great piled-up mass of boulders, in the crevices and on the top of which grew ferns and grass and stunted bushes. This mass was about twenty-five feet high. The sides of the kloof here were also very steep. Well, I got up to the top of the nullah and looked all round. No signs of the lion. Evidently I had either overlooked him further down, or he had escaped right away. It was very vexatious; but still three lions were not a bad bag for one gun before dinner, and I was fain to be content. Accordingly I departed back again, making my way round the isolated pillar of

boulders, and beginning to feel that I was pretty well done up with excitement and fatigue, and should be more so before I had skinned those three lions. When I had got, as nearly as I could judge, about eighteen yards past the pillar or mass of boulders, I turned to have another look round. I have a pretty sharp eye, but I could see nothing at all.

"Then, on a sudden, I saw something sufficiently alarming. On the top of the mass of boulders, opposite to me, standing out clear against the rock beyond, was the huge black-maned lion. He had been crouching there, and now arose as though by magic. There he stood lashing his tail, just like a statue of the animal on the gateway of Northumberland House that I have seen a picture of. But he did not stand long. Before I could fire — before I could do more than get the gun to my shoulder — he sprang straight up and out from the rock, and driven by the impetus of that one mighty bound came hurtling through the air towards me.

"Heavens! how grand he looked, and how awful! High into the air he flew, describing a great arch. Just as he touched the highest point of his spring I fired. I did not dare to wait, for I saw that he would clear the whole space and land right upon me. Without a sight, almost without aim, I fired, as one would fire a snap shot at a snipe. The bullet told, for I distinctly heard its thud above the rushing sound caused by the passage of the lion through the air. Next second I was swept to the ground (luckily I fell into a low, creeper-clad bush, which broke the shock), and the lion was on the top of me, and the next those great white teeth of his had met in my thigh — I heard them grate against the bone. I yelled out in agony, for I did not feel in the least benumbed and happy, like Dr. Livingstone — who, by the way, I knew very well — and gave myself up for dead. But suddenly, as I did so, the lion's grip on my thigh loosened, and he stood over me, swaying to and fro, his huge mouth, from which the blood was gushing, wide opened. Then he roared, and the sound shook the rocks.

"To and fro he swung, and suddenly the great head dropped on me, knocking all the breath from my body, and he was dead. My bullet had entered in the centre of his chest and passed out on the right side of the spine about half-way down the back.

"The pain of my wound kept me from fainting, and as soon as I got my breath

I managed to drag myself from under him. Thank heavens, his great teeth had not crushed my thigh-bone; but I was losing a great deal of blood, and had it not been for the timely arrival of Tom, with whose aid I got the handkerchief off my wrist and tied it round my leg, twisting it tight with a stick, I think I should have bled to death.

"Well, it was a just reward for my folly in trying to tackle a family of lions single-handed. The odds were too long. I have been lame ever since and shall be to my dying day; in the month of March the wound always troubles me a great deal, and every three years it breaks out raw. I need scarcely add that I never traded the lot of ivory at Sikukuni's. Another man got it — a German — and made five hundred pounds out of it after paying expenses. I spent the next month on the broad of my back, and was a cripple for six months after that. And now I've told you the yarn, so I will have a drop of Hollands and go to bed."

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ON A FAR-OFF ISLAND.

WE arrived at Karpathos a wreck — that is to say, a gust of wind from the mountains struck us when sailing on an almost glassy sea, carried away our sail and our mast, and reduced us to our oars. Where is Karpathos? and why did we go there? are always questions put to us; and we reply that it is one of the most lost islands of the Ægean Sea, lying between Crete and Rhodes, where no steamer touches, and that my wife and I spent some months on it last winter with a view to studying the customs of the nine thousand Greeks who inhabit it, and who in their mountain villages have preserved through long ages many of the customs of the Greeks of old.

Our island delighted us immensely for its own exceeding loveliness; sharp-peaked mountains rise four thousand feet out of the sea, deep clefts lined with fir-trees run down to the water's edge. Near one of these, where nestled a tiny fishing hamlet, to the north of the island, we deserted our wreck, and hired a boat manned by four wild-looking Karpathote oarsmen to row us along the coast for seven hours to the chief village. Their oars were like great branches, and with each stroke they pulled they rose from their seat, jumped

on the seat in front of them, and kept time by repeating in a shrill voice little rhyming distichs, commenced by stroke and carried on by the others. These sailors know hundreds of these rhymes, which have been handed down from father to son. As a specimen I will give this one. Stroke commences by shouting, "Everything from God;" number two, "assistance;" number three, "and supervision;" bow concludes the couplet by, "and our bark shall proceed well." When not singing, the sailors were chiding and chaffing one another, so that for the whole of the seven hours they were scarcely silent for a moment—not even stroke, a grey-haired man, who will not see sixty again.

The governor of Karpathos is a Turk, his treasurer is a Turk, the custom-house officer is a Turk, and there are five Turkish soldiers on Karpathos to uphold the government of the Porte. Except these, all the inhabitants are Greek, and the villages up in the mountains are allowed almost complete self-government, provided their annual tribute is paid. It is absurd to see how keen party spirit is in these tiny village communities over the election of the *demarch*, or mayor of the place. We attended one of their annual parliaments, at which the election takes place. Eighty members of the village were assembled and seated cross-legged in the church, wild, unkempt shepherds, with rough goatskin cloaks, and priests with long hair flowing loosely over their shoulders. Suddenly would arise a perfect pandemonium of voices in eager dispute, and as quickly would it be hushed, when the oldest man of the village arose, Deacon Saint George as he is called—Deacon, because he can read and write, and Saint, because his grandfather once had been a pilgrim to the holy tomb. "He is the most honorable man of all Karpathos," they whispered to me in mute admiration; but a few days after this I had an opportunity of testing his honor, for he always tottered after us on his stick, with his long tasselled fez and long blue coat. One day my wife dropped a trifling ornament, value sixpence, which our old friend saw fall. He picked it up, looked at it, looked to see if my wife noticed her loss, held it in his hand for some time, and eventually consigned it to his pocket. Thus for this trifling loss we gauged the standard of honor of the most honorable councillor, the Nestor of Karpathos, at the sound of whose voice the hubbub of the village parliament was for the moment lulled, though only to break forth again with re-

doubled vigor when Deacon Saint George sat down, until weary of dispute another lull ensued, during which the village schoolmaster was called upon, as the only decent scribe of the place, to write down the minutes of the meeting. A psalter was fetched from a stand in the church, pen and ink were produced, and, amidst a torrent of advice from all sides, the schoolmaster wrote down—well, I expect, pretty nearly what he pleased. Such is home rule amongst the mountains of Karpathos.

After our long and lovely row, we landed in the most populous corner of the island, where a group of villages run up a fertile gorge far into the mountains, down which a stream dashes, called the Chaos, leaping and boiling through chasms scarcely two yards wide. It is considered a most uncanny stream, which no man durst approach at night for fear of Nereids and other water sprites. In the chief village the Turkish governor lives,—the *kaimakam*, the superior lord—*kaimak* being the word for anything superior. Cream, of which we got an endless supply in Karpathos, is called *kaimak*; so, for the sake of simplicity, we soon took to calling the governor "the Cream."

With a view to a prolonged stay in one of these villages, we tried to secure for ourselves a house, but experienced much difficulty; for we had three introductions with us, and soon we discovered that three families were quarrelling amongst themselves for our possession. Old Koublis was a very talkative, desponding member of society, who came to visit us later than the others, apologizing for his delay by saying that his "bride" was ill. We could not imagine what so old a man could be doing with a bride, until we learned that his son had lately taken a wife, who was for the time being the family bride.

We spent the first two nights in the house of the Greek interpreter to the governor; and here we might have continued to dwell had not our third friend made us feel uncomfortable by privately insinuating that we were making ourselves inconvenient to "the interpreter," and that he could secure for us an empty house up in the village of Volá. By this plan he got us out of the interpreter's house. Not till later did we discover that our third friend had lately been studying Turkish hard, and aspired to the post of interpreter himself; so that a few weeks later he actually attempted the life of our first host.

Housekeeping at Volà was difficult. We had to send to the mountains for meat and milk whenever we wanted it; for the good Karpathotes are most abstemious, rarely eating anything but bread and olives. As for groceries, save coffee and sugar, they were not to be had for love or money; and no vegetables, except onions, existed in the island. Our house consisted of one large room. Half of it had a mud floor; half was a raised wooden platform for our beds, below which were store cupboards for oil and wine. The windows had no glass in them; and some days, when the mountain mist came down upon us, we crouched over our charcoal brazier and shivered again. Our servant dwelt in a tiny kitchen adjoining, where his struggles to light a fire with damp wood, and to cook without utensils, used to call for our keenest pity. Every evening a party of old women would come to keep us company, with their faces enveloped in handkerchiefs. They told us local customs and beliefs of an extraordinary nature. One evening I tried to sketch these old crones, and was discovered so doing. I thought my eyes would have been scratched out and my handiwork destroyed for my impudence, so infuriated were they; for they believe that if their portraits are taken they will waste away and die.

Six months before our arrival, the owner of our house had died, and the sister, Sebastà by name, had inherited it; but she had kept it closed ever since, until our third friend, a relative of hers, had persuaded her to open it for us, on the condition that we should not sing or hold festival therein. We were not informed on taking possession of the delicate nature of our tenure, and in an unlucky moment we invited "the Cream," his interpreter, his treasurer, and our two other friends to a meal, and were prepared to put forth all our limited resources to do credit to our nation on the occasion.

The evening before our party Sebastà rushed in, in great distress. "You are going to give a table in this house of mourning," she cried. "You will sing, you will get drunk, and the neighbors will sneer and say how soon has the memory of the dead been forgotten." Our position was an awkward one, for it was too late to make other arrangements. In our extremity we protested that we would not sing, nor would we get drunk, though I felt inward misgivings on this latter point with regard to one or two of our guests. Sebastà wept and stamped with rage alternately. The old grandmother expostu-

lated, and our third friend, who came in to our assistance, argued. The point was not settled when we retired to rest that night, nor did we obtain leave to hold our party until a short time before the guests were due. Then arose another difficulty. Our kid and our milk, for which we had despatched a special messenger to the mountains, did not reach us until two hours before the time appointed for "the table," and an agonizing two hours we spent, literally tearing our kid limb from limb to prepare it for the pot. Of course the milk got smoked, and our English pudding was a disgrace to the nation. And then, to our horror, an hour before they were invited our guests arrived, bringing with them two others for whom we were not prepared. No party that we shall ever be called upon to give in civilized regions will appear formidable after this, and it really passed off remarkably well, with the assistance of a bottle of brandy for the Turks, who get over their vow not to drink wine by this subterfuge, and plenty of wine for the Greeks. We did not sing, and I don't think any one got drunk; at all events, Sebastà came in afterwards to thank us for having thus far respected the memory of her departed sister.

Only a few weeks later our third friend attempted the life of the interpreter; but when sitting at our table, no one would have guessed their animosity. They related how once they had together, at one sitting, eaten seventeen new-born lambs, so plentiful are they in Karpathos, after which they had consumed forty sardines apiece, and got drunk by going round from house to house asking for wine. When they came to the doctor's house, he gave them some wine, but placed in it a drug which was very beneficial to them after their debauch. Our third friend, the would-be interpreter, is very poor, and glories in his poverty, for it has come to pass as follows: he gave his eldest daughter so large a dower, that she was enabled to marry the schoolmaster of a neighboring island. It is a curious feature in Karpathos, where romance is unknown, and, as our friend the interpreter said, "All our marriages are for substance." First-born sons inherit their father's property, first-born daughters their mother's, and no girl can marry unless she can provide her husband with a house. The result is excellent in checking the population, and in producing old maids; but we could not help thinking it was a little hard on the second daughter of our third friend, a

plain girl, who went about without shoes and stockings, and was ready to earn a trifle by carrying our luggage on her head.

As a return for our "table," "the Cream" and our other friends arranged a sort of picnic for us, to a lovely spot called Mrs. Madonna (Kera Panagià), where a church contains a miraculous picture, and is looked after by a well-known old hermit-monk called Vasili. The church is at the foot of a narrow gorge down by the sea, amidst tree-clad heights, which culminate in Mount Lastos, the highest peak in Karpathos, four thousand feet above the sea-level. Close to this church there is a water-source, which springs right out of a rock; it is icy cold and clear, and all around its egress the rock is garlanded with maidenhair; mastic, myrtle, and daphne almost conceal it from view. To this spot, the most favored one in the island, our friends took us. In 1821 a Cretan refugee, whose flocks and possessions had been destroyed by the Turks, vowed a church to the Panagià if she would lead him to a place of safety. So, says the legend, she conducted his boat here, where he found water, fertility, and seclusion, and here he built the church he had vowed. Once a year, on the day of the Assumption, the Karpathiotes make a pilgrimage to this spot; for the rest of the year it is left to the charge of poor old Vasili, who told us the very sad story which had driven him to adopt this hermit life. A few years ago he lived in the village, with his two sons and one daughter. She married a sea-captain, a well-to-do sponge-fisher, who owned a boat and much money, he said. On one of his voyages, the sponge-fisher took with him Vasili's two sons, and on their way they fell across a boat manned by pirates from Amorgos. The pirates shot the captain, boarded the caïque, and strapped the two brothers to the mast. After they had cleared the boat of all they could find, they sank it, and shortly afterwards some other sponge-fishers found the two brothers fastened to the mast at the bottom of the sea. They gave notice to the government, and a steamer was despatched from Chios in pursuit of the pirates, and the bodies were brought home and buried. It was but poor satisfaction to old Vasili to hear of the capture of the murderers. His daughter shortly afterwards married again, and left Karpathos, and he, with his broken heart and tottering step, donned the garb of a monk, and came to end his days at Kera Panagià, where he lives in a little stone hut alongside the church, and tills

the ground, lights the lamps before the sacred pictures, and rings the church bell.

Our picnic meal was the greatest possible success, for "the Cream" brought with him one of his soldiers, an Albanian, who spoke no language but his own. This man was despatched to the mountain for a lamb, which he cooked for us after the fashion of the Albanian klephts. A wooden skewer was passed through the body, and it was roasted whole before a smouldering fire of brushwood, and basted with cream and salt. When ready, it was served on a table of sweet-smelling herbs — mastic, rosemary, etc. We all squatted around on the ground, and the lamb was rent in pieces, and to each guest was handed a bone, which we picked with more or less dexterity, according as we were accustomed to such procedure. We were very jovial over our meal, and our friends foretold pleasant things for us from the shoulder-bone of the lamb, according to their custom; and then we drank a large bowl of cream, "the flower of milk," as they call it, which, with native honey, is truly delicious, and afforded us the opportunity we wished of making a complimentary pun, by comparing the governor to the beverage before us. After our meal, we smoked cigarettes under the shade of a carob-tree — the tree which the peasants tell you was the only one which the devil forgot to spoil, for all others shed their leaves and fruit, but the carob-tree is forever green and fructifying. It is better known to us as the locust-tree, the pods of which are sweet and like honey to eat, and made us not pity St. John the Baptist so much for his desert fare. Late in the evening we returned to our home at Volà, on excellent terms with our friends.

A young married woman of our acquaintance died when we were at Volà, and the melancholy ceremonies attending her death will remain fixed on our memories until our turn comes to die. A few hours after her death the corpse had been washed in wine and water, when it was dressed in a richly embroidered robe, and placed on a bier like a low table, with handles for carrying, in the one-roomed house. Around stood the family groaning and screaming and lacerating themselves in their demonstrative grief, awaiting the arrival of the hired mourner, a woman of commanding but repulsive mien. Her first action was to fall upon the corpse and weep; then she stood erect at the foot of the bier and lifted up her voice to sing her dirge in a shrill, heartrending key.

"How can the sun dare to shine on a scene of grief like this?" she began, "where the children are deprived of their mother's care, where the hearth is left desolate for the husband on his return from toiling in the fields. Would that I could descend to Hades, and see my darling once more, to give her a parting kiss from her dear ones, whose minds are troubled like the sea, when it rolls in after a mighty storm on to the shore."

These pathetic strains drove the relatives into an agony of grief, which continued with more or less vehemence for two hours, until the priest and his acolytes came to convey the corpse to the tomb. Before the procession left the house, a jug full of water was broken on the threshold; it is customary here to spill water at the door when any one starts on a journey, as an earnest of success. To-day the traveller had gone on her last long journey, so the jug was broken. The family tomb was at some little distance from the village, and on their way thither the priests chanted offices, interrupted frequently by hideous wails from the lamenters who headed the procession; and as the mournful company passed, women came forth from their houses to howl in concert.

Every Karpathote family has its tomb on the hillside, with a tiny chapel attached, in which the corpse is placed before interment. Here the final offices for the dead were chanted, and the mourners ceased to wail, until the very solemn *stichera* of the last kiss came, which begins, "Blessed is the way thou shalt go to-day," whereat each in turn advanced to give their last kiss to the cold face of the corpse, and then, with one accord, they burst forth again into loud and uncontrolled grief.

They never put the body into a coffin in Karpathos, for there is a popular impression that a spirit enclosed in wood cannot escape. One year after the death the bones are taken out, placed in an embroidered bag, and thrown into a charnel-house below the chapel. They believe that if the flesh is not decayed altogether off the bones, the spirit does not rest in peace; consequently this ceremony of opening the grave is a very anxious one for the survivors, who consider that they can thereby tell the destination of their lost friend's soul. When there is any suspicion that the defunct is not at peace in Hades, the name is without delay entered on the "soul paper," or the priest's memorandum list of the souls for which he has to pray during the divine mystery.

Many superstitious practices are carried

on in connection with the inquietude of souls. Sometimes the ashes are removed to an island rock, for ghosts cannot cross water; sometimes they are burnt and scattered to the winds; and a dying man must never be covered with any material made of goat's hair, for it will detain the spirit, neither must anything be handed across a corpse for the same reason; and they never button the clothes they put on after death; finally, they remove all rings, for the spirit, they say, can even be detained in the little finger, and cannot rest.

The tomb was a plain, square building of stone; into it the corpse was laid, a few handfuls of earth were thrown on by the relatives, and here the body was left to decay, and to pollute the vicinity with a terrible stench during the summer heat. When closed, they placed on the grave the axe and the spade which had been used in opening it, in the shape of a cross, for twenty-four hours.

It was truly heartrending to hear the wails of the relatives all that evening by the grave. The old mother of the deceased, with dishevelled grey locks, knelt there for hours with her other daughters, working themselves from one paroxysm to another, with short intervals to gain breath; and then, next day, and on stated days afterwards, they brought the boiled wheat adorned with raisins to place on the tomb, and each time their wailings were renewed. Yet with all this excessive grief, it is surprising to see how evanescent is the respect paid to properly denuded bones. Many of the family charnel-houses have fallen into ruins through neglect, and the embroidered bags, which I was almost tempted to steal, were scattered about, with the bones peeping out. One particular instance struck us forcibly; it was the charnel-house belonging to the chief priest of the village, which had been almost washed away by the winter's rain. All round lay the skulls and bones, in hideous confusion, of his deceased relatives, amongst which of an evening old witch-like crones would wander to collect such bones as they deemed of use for incantations. For example, a skull set upon a post facing the direction they wish the wind to blow from, is considered efficacious in producing the desired current of air, and it does not strike them as a hideous notion that the skull of some dear departed one should be used for this purpose.

The Karpathotes live in the depths of superstition, with their soothsayings and incantations. A doctor does exist in the

chief village; but he told me that his practice was almost entirely confined to the Turks and a few of the more enlightened Greeks. In the mountain villages they never think of calling in anybody to the sick but the old witches, who mutter incantations and wave a mysterious sickle with weird gestures over their patient; or sometimes a priest is called in, for they profess to be able to bind diseases, especially fevers, to trees by writing on a scrap of paper the mystic words, "Divinity of God, divine mystery." This they tie with a red thread round the neck of the sufferer; next morning they remove it, and go out on the hillside, where they tie it to a tree, and imagine that they thus transfer the fever from the patient to the branch.

At Volà we witnessed several of those curious customs by which the priests manage to extract money from these benighted people. They exorcise rats and mice by sprinkling holy water and by saying a prayer under the tree or barn which the vermin frequent. At Easter they sell candles from the church, by burning which and saying some mystic words in their houses, they think they will drive away beetles from their dwellings.

At the neighboring village of Othos there lives a portly and well-to-do prophet, who has grown rich and very sleek on his soothsayings, for seldom do marriages or voyages take place without consulting him, and he does not give his advice for nothing. We visited him one day, and heard him prophesy as he lay in bed with a many-colored coverlet over his inspired limbs. It was a cheery little house, the walls of which were hung with holy pictures, sacred olive twigs to keep off the evil eye, a vial of sacred oil from Easter, and scraps of meat preserved from the last Easter lamb, now nearly one year old. There were crowds of people in the room, including a priest, who joined devoutly in the prayer to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, before the soothsaying began. From beneath his pillow the prophet produced his books of magic art, out of which he professes to expound the future; one of these is an ordinary psalter, which he opens, and from the first line on which the eye falls he reads his divination. Again, he has a list of numbers, one of which you select at haphazard with a pointed bit of wood; this number corresponds to a prophecy in his book of magic, which he reads to you as the decree of fate. People come from all parts of Karpathos to consult this strange man,

and, said the priest, "the utterings of this oracle are seldom at fault." We clearly ascertained by experience that the priests, the prophet, and the old crones who cure diseases have it all their own way, and play into one another's hands in the game of extortion.

I think the time we enjoyed most during our stay in Karpathos was Easter, and the opportunity it afforded us of seeing the amusements of these primitive islanders. By that time we felt quite at home amongst them, and were welcome visitors in most houses. Furthermore, the uncertain spring had settled down into delicious summer weather, and the slopes at a stone's throw from our house were carpeted with lovely flowers.

Amusements in Karpathos certainly are not numerous, and may be summed up as consisting of music and dancing in a variety of forms. In every occupation they sing; the very washerwoman, as she kneels at the brook, is practising death-wails for the next funeral. It is a curious sight to see women treading their homespun flannel to get out of it the long hairs. Two of them sit at either end of a sort of trough, with their legs bare, and leaning their backs against the wall; here they tread wearily away from sunrise to sunset, singing as they do so little idyls, the poetry of which is peculiarly quaint and pretty — *mantinada* they call these idyls in Karpathos; and sometimes, to assist them in their drudgery, a man will come and play the lyre, — just one of those lyres which their ancestors played, a pretty little instrument about half a yard long, with silver beads which jangle attached to the bow. Besides this they have the *syravlion*, a sort of pan-pipe made of two reeds hollowed out, with blow-holes and straws up the middle, and placed side by side in a larger reed. A third instrument is the *sabouna*, a species of bagpipe, being a goatskin with the hairs left on, which palpitates like a living body when filled with air. These instruments are romantic enough when played by shepherds on the hillside or in the village square as an accompaniment to the dance, but they are intolerable in the tiny cottages where women tread their flannel.

Singing is the accompaniment and conclusion to every feast, for the feasts in Karpathos are merely the symposia of ancient days, in which men only take a part, and are attended upon by women. Co-operation in labor is customary here. If a man plants a vineyard, builds a house, or ploughs a field, he has but to

call upon his friends and relatives to assist him, and the only payment expected is a handsome meal, after which the men sing *mantinada* with their arms around each other's necks, and reel home dead-drunk at night. Many of these took place during our stay at Volà; and when we learned that the giver of the feast looks upon it as a positive insult if his guests do not get drunk, we ceased to feel shocked when our slumbers were disturbed by the shouts of the revellers on their homeward way. Our third friend gave one to the men who had assisted him in tilling his fields, and he invited me to it. I fear I insulted him by leaving before the entertainment had reached its height, for we saw little of him after that; and we did not regret this when we learned about the desperate attempt that had been made on the life of our friend the interpreter. All Volà affirmed that our third friend had hired the assassin, for was he not a relative of his, and was it not to his interest to remove the object of his dislike? At all events, the wrong man got killed in the fray, and our third friend was present at the funeral; the murderer escaped, and the interpreter never went out without a soldier with a crazy old musket to attend upon him. Such was the "murder at Volà," in which we shall always feel that we were more or less implicated.

During the Sundays of Lent at Volà the people got very much excited over the game of swing, which took place in the afternoon in a narrow street. Damsels hung from one wall to the other a rope, and on this they put rugs to form a swing. Two of them generally sat together and sang *mantinada*, and took a toll from each man who passed by, the fine being a penny, a swing, and a song. Some of the young men came primed with ditties, which looked as if romance was not so wholly unknown to them as the interpreter had told us.

Your figure is a lemon-tree,
Its branches are your hair;
Joy to the youth who climbs
To pluck the fruit so fair.

Whilst another favorite ditty is, "Your lips are honey, mine are wine; come, let us eat honey and drink wine." But here the flirtation ended; the young men kept together, and the young women kept together. We never saw a case of "keeping company" whilst we were there.

Before Easter we went up to a mountain village called Olympus, whether from its exalted position or not I cannot say,

where customs of an exceedingly quaint nature existed, and where we tarried in the house of the schoolmaster. They began their preparations on Palm Sunday; and at four o'clock on that morning our slumbers were disturbed by a herald, who went round to summon every one to church. In his hand he carried a reed called the *nartheke*, and in this he had a light, for the morning was windy; and, like Prometheus of old, who thus brought down fire from heaven, he went to the houses of all the priests to light their candles, they having for this purpose left their doors open the night before. Then he lighted the candles of the chief inhabitants, after which he shouted from a commanding height his summons to worship; and as a reward for his services he was presented with a loaf of holy bread. The church was very crowded at this early service, the women remaining outside in the *proavilion*, where they could get a glimpse at the performance through the door. They have no pews to sit in, but each mother of a family possesses one of the stone slabs which form the pavement; on this she performs her devotions, and brooks no encroachment. This slab she leaves, together with her jewellery and her embroidered dresses, to her eldest daughter.

That afternoon every household was busy making "the candles of the resurrection;" and very quaint they looked, squatting on the floor close to a fire of embers, with lumps of honeycomb, which they were moulding into candles on the low wooden tables used for making macaroni. During the next few days everybody went about with exceeding gay fingers, as each household had been dyeing their Easter eggs, some purple, some golden, some green; for eggs have been forbidden by the Lenten fast, and every egg that has been laid during Lent in Olympus has been hard boiled for Easter, and was now being colored with dyes made from their mountain herbs.

Every house and church had to be whitewashed, inside and out; and every evening the laborers returned from their work groaning under bundles of brushwood, for Thursday was the great baking-day, when every oven was heated, and nothing was seen at Olympus but women running about with long boards on their heads, carrying twisted cakes covered with sesame seed and a colored egg in each; also pasties of green herbs—horrible things, which we were frequently offered, and had a difficulty in disposing of. The

baking-day was a very gay scene. When the ovens were sufficiently heated with burning brushwood, and the embers had been swept out, these boards were shoved in; and after seeing a baking such as this, it was easy to realize the popular enigma which asks you what a black-faced heifer is which consumes brushwood, and without hesitation you answer, an oven.

On Saturday before Easter all the shepherds come into Olympus from their mountain dairies—in most cases mere caves in the rocks—where many of them pass the entire year. On their backs they carry goatskins full of cheese and milk and cream, which they distribute as presents to each householder, receiving in return a sufficiency of bread to last them many a month,—for most of this Easter bread is not consumed till it has acquired the consistency of biscuit. On Easter eve we looked out upon householders rushing hither and thither with bowls of cream and milk, whilst we poor strangers could buy none at all, so intent was everybody in providing for the morrow's feast.

We did not attend the Easter-night service at Olympus, nor did we receive the kisses of peace which are distributed broadcast on such occasions, for having experienced the sensation before, we did not wish to repeat it; but we arose early enough to see the women roasting their lambs in their ovens. In one oven we counted as many as twelve lambs roasting and stuffed with rice,—unpalatable things enough, with distorted limbs, looking as if they had been thrust in alive and died in agony; and at each house we visited that day, we were presented with a most embarrassing limb of lamb.

We did attend the afternoon service, and got our clothes well covered with wax for so doing. Every worshipper carried a lighted candle, and ignored the angle at which it was held. We assisted at the merriment in the churchyard after service was over, when the young men shoot a Guy Fawkes erected on the wall, popularly believed to resemble Judas Iscariot.

On Monday the good folks of Olympus danced in the space before the church, resplendent with barbarous jewellery and quaint costumes. These dances interested us much, as being genuinely archaic in character. A circle was formed, in the midst of which we and the sober-minded who did not dance sat like sardines in a box, everybody eating something, and everybody asking his neighbor to have a bite at the delicacy which he was consum-

ing. Mothers had their babies strung like bundles on their backs. Every child had a gorgeous Easter egg, with which it was dyeing its cheeks and lips; and here we sat, whilst the dancers never ceased to revolve in the weary circle of alternate men and women with arms intertwined, so that each alternate dancer held the hand of the next but one. Sometimes it was fast, and the leader performed feats of agility; sometimes it was slow, when the men smoked cigarettes, and the women sang ditties; but the dancing never stopped for a single moment, nor did the grinding of the lyre, or the girle of the bagpipe, till darkness drove them to drink and to dance in their stifling houses.

Early on Tuesday morning the head of each family solemnly repaired to his tomb with his offering of bread for the dead; this he placed on the stone pedestal in the midst of every chapel, and about nine o'clock the priests went round with acolytes and large baskets to collect the same for their own consumption. At eleven commenced the annual procession to the tombs, which wended its way up and down rugged paths along the mountain-side, and was composed of the most energetic inhabitants, carrying the sacred pictures from the church and the banners; at each tomb they passed on their route guns were let off, and prayers were said. We were content to watch them from a distance, as they wended their way like a gigantic caterpillar along the hills for many a mile. Finally they descended to the stream, into which was put the most revered of their pictures, that the Madonna might bless the waters. In the afternoon they returned to Olympus, where the priests blessed the multitude before the church, and the bearers of the pictures and banners grew exceeding wroth with the priests for not giving them as much money as they considered their labor deserved.

On Thursday we went down to the tiny port of Diaphane, where the men of Olympus own a few cottages and a few crafts, and where a church is built, containing a miracle-working picture, to worship which the Olympites make a private pilgrimage once a year on the evening of the Thursday after Easter. I have attended pilgrimages before in Greece, but none so quaint and simple as this.

We started before the pilgrims down a lovely gorge clad with fir-trees, down a road which was a succession of tiny waterfalls, the worst of the many bad roads of Karpathos, and we found the few inhabitants of Diaphane busily engaged in pre-

paring for the feast, cutting up lambs and kids into hunks, decorating the church floor with myrtle, and opening barrels of wine for the night's debauch. We found quarters with the priest, and from his roof had an excellent view of the proceedings. Towards evening the pilgrims, with their mules and their baggage, came down, letting off guns to announce their arrival, and greeting every one they met with, "Christ is risen!" which they continue to do in Karpathos for forty days after Easter is past; and at sundown they tinkled a goat's bell as a summons to the evening liturgy.

It was a pretty sight to see the pilgrims squatted in merry little groups along the shore, "breaking their bread," and refreshing themselves for the dance, which commenced at ten. Such a night of revelry I have seldom heard; dancing and singing went on without cessation out in the courtyards, and sometimes inside, so that whatever rest we got was haunted by the heavy tramp of the dancers, and the piercing voices of the singers. The sun was high in the heavens before the sound of the lyre and the bagpipe ceased, and the goat's bell once more tinkled to summon the revellers to their devotions. I went to the liturgy, and found but few inside the church, for the male pilgrims, wearied with their nocturnal orgies, were either washing in the sea or stretched on the shore to secure a few moments of repose; and the women have no place allotted to them inside this edifice, so that they have to crowd at the door and hear what they can of the sacred mystery.

Meanwhile the hunks of lambs and kids were boiling in a huge caldron outside a house where planks on boxes had been improvised as tables for the pilgrims' meal, and the savory smell of the stew must have been keenly appetizing to their nostrils. When the liturgy was over, an old man with a large wooden ladle took up his position by the caldron, ready to fill the bowl each pilgrim had brought with him and to receive the coppers; and as each was supplied, he retired into the house to consume his portion, and washed it down with wine, which now flowed freely. Seldom have I seen a merrier company or a nastier meal more thoroughly enjoyed; and then they fell to dancing again in an open space by the sea, not a few by their antics demonstrating the potency of the beverage they had imbibed. It was a curious scene—the women in their gay festival garb, the men in their embroidered waistcoats, red fezes,

blue baggy trousers, and gaudy stockings. The steps of the women were now more active; and as for the male leader of the circle, his acrobatic feats were of extraordinary vigor; and as they danced their local dances and sang their local songs by the side of the waves, under the shadow of the mountains, accompanied by a blind old bard who played the lyre in their midst and sang songs to infuse them with merriment, I thought that dancing like this could not have altered much since Homeric days.

The last act in this pilgrimage was to us an interesting one. The chief priest of Olympus had just built a large caïque down at Diaphane, which he had settled to launch this afternoon, and to christen her the Madonna of Diaphane. He was wise in thus doing, for the crowd of pilgrims assisted nobly in the weary process of dragging her to the sea; and as she glided into the water, all stood eagerly to watch the manner in which she righted herself, for in this they see an omen as to the future of the craft's career. Then came the benediction by the chief priest and his colleagues; with the blood of a slaughtered lamb a cross was made on the deck, and the chanting of the service sounded quaintly over the waves. We looked to obtaining a passage for ourselves on the Madonna of Diaphane when we left Karpathos, so we joined heartily in the wishes for success; and when all was over the captain-elect jumped off the bows into the sea, with all his clothes on, and came dripping to shore amidst the laughter of the lookers-on. The priest gave the pilgrims a farewell repast after the ceremony was concluded; and ere the day was very old, we were left in quiet enjoyment of Diaphane, a very paradise, for a few days of repose amongst the pine-trees and craggy heights overhanging the azure sea.

From Temple Bar.

BISHOP THIRLWALL.

It has often been observed that every great mind has its distinct phases, according as it is known to outsiders or to intimates. This was true of the late Bishop of St. David's, whose claims to greatness are indisputable. You could not judge of him by his portraits and photographs, for which he sat only to please his friends, or by his effigy in Westminster Abbey. The broad forehead, the massive jaw, the intellectual but stern countenance revealed

one phase, the smile which occasionally lit up his face revealed another. Under the grave face was an almost womanly tenderness, a sense of humor and an enjoyment of a merry thought, to be looked for in a Wilberforce but which was a revelation in a Thirlwall. But like the heat latent in an anvil, it needed the percussion of kindred influences to bring these warmer traits to the surface. Scholar, historian, theologian — so is he described on his monument; but he was much more than this. He might emphatically have said, *Humani nihil alienum*.

The correspondent of his exquisite "Letters to a Friend" has given a touching picture of his simple, studious, and earnest life in his palace at Abergwili. She depicts him as he strolled in his garden, book in hand or surrounded by his domestic pets, as he sat in his "chaos" of a library, filled with tomes in every known language, and in social intercourse with the few kindred spirits admitted to his intimacy. With a true woman's feeling she brings him before us as we should like to have known him. But owing to his love of solitude and dislike of general society, few were aware of these lighter phases of his character.

His clergy dreaded his keen incisiveness, when he did speak to them, as much as his grim silence. My acquaintance with him began with my institution. I had been nominated to my living by the crown, and it is not an unimportant one. Three other clergymen were ushered into his presence to take the oaths. The secretary instructed each of us to take the New Testament into our hand, and to pass it from one to the other and to repeat the usual formula. The bishop was stooping down looking at the folios on the lower shelves of the bookcases, and when the business was over he took us all in with one sweeping bow and then disappeared.

"When shall we see the bishop?" asked my friend and curate, Mr. P.

"See the bishop," replied the secretary, "why, didn't you see him? He was in the room all the time."

"But he never spoke to us," rejoined Mr. P.

"What did you expect?" was the answer. "He never does speak on these occasions."

A clerical friend gives his experience:

When I went to be instituted to my present living, other clergymen came on similar errands. I should have valued a few words of encouragement from my father in God. I was giving

up a country benefice with a college appointment to take an enormous and neglected parish. We were all shown into a room, and told to stand in a row for the Bishop to pass between us. When he entered, he bowed to us, but did not open his lips; he sat down, we took the oaths; he instituted or licensed each of us, he then rose from his chair and, while we were signing our papers, kept looking at the books on the shelves, and then without a word bowed and left the room.

One of his lighter and brighter phases was his love of children. To them he was always sweet and gentle. I see him now in my mind's eye, the first time he was a guest in my house, standing by a chair up to which he had lifted my little son so that they might both look over the same psalter at family prayers. I shall never forget his response to my request to give his episcopal benediction to the assembled household. "Yes, with all my heart," and he pronounced it with much feeling.

Two of my little daughters, not knowing that he was occupying the spare bedroom, unwittingly intruded on him as he stood in his short cassock or apron, without his coat.

The children were naturally dismayed, and showed it in their faces.

"Well, my little dears, and what are you looking for?"

"Oh, please, for our Sunday frocks; we are going to put them on because the bishop is here."

"Well, then, come in and get them; you needn't be afraid, for you know bishops don't bite."

My son used to go to school at Oxford, where he had for his chums two of the bishop's great-nephews. It was a long journey from south Wales, so he was asked to stay a day and a night at the palace *en route*. In the evening a children's party was given. "Go and pick out the prettiest girl you can find and take her in to dinner," said his lordship. As the two walked into the dining-room arm in arm, he whispered in the boy's ear, "I commend your choice."

A mutual friend writes to me: —

He was very fond of the twin daughters of his nephew who lived with him. As soon as they were old enough to sit upright, it was his delight to have them propped up in little chairs on either side of him at his meals, when he would look from one to the other, then lay down his knife and fork and laugh aloud at the seeming absurdity of the situation. He used to record the sayings and doings of these children, wrote letters to them in uncial characters and treasured up their replies.

Every year he gave a Christmas entertainment of roast beef and plum pudding to the schools at Abergwili, at which he presided. After dinner he made a speech. One speech is too good to be forgotten:—

Boys were like tops. There were some tops that gave no trouble but only needed to be set spinning and they would go—these were like good boys. But there were other tops which could only be kept going by constant whipping—these were the naughty boys whom nothing but the rod could keep to their work.

He used also to let them have fireworks and a Christmas tree. He was a kind and indulgent master, and his servants remained with him for years. Yet he seldom spoke to any but to his confidential attendant, who accompanied him on his journeys, and between whom and himself there existed a thorough understanding. The women-servants he hardly knew by sight. He must have been a little trying at times, for he would order dinner for a party, and on being asked, "For how many, my lord?" would reply, "I don't know till they come; tell the cook to provide plenty."

On one occasion his robes were not forthcoming.

"You did not order them to be got ready, my lord," said his favorite attendant, in excuse.

"You ought to have thought of them," remonstrated his master somewhat angrily.

"But your lordship asked for them for three o'clock in the afternoon, and not for the forenoon."

The robes had to be got ready, and the bishop was in consequence nearly ten minutes late.

"What a bad example of unpunctuality you have caused me to set to the diocese!"

Being convinced, however, that it really was his own fault and not the butler's, he at once apologized to him.

His valet once sent for a barber to cut his master's hair. The cloth was duly placed round his shoulders.

"How will your lordship have your hair cut?" inquired the barber, scissors and comb in hand.

"In silence," quoth the bishop.

This reply was from Plutarch, and was one of the innumerable recollections of classical writers with which his capacious mind was stored.

To avoid the annoyance of interviews with his tailor, his old suits were sent to

London as patterns, the time of renewal being left to the discretion of his servant. Before this happy arrangement was effected, a local tailor came to take his lordship's measure, and brought patterns of cloth with him. The tailor asked, "What are your lordship's orders?"

"I want a suit of clothes."

"Here is a very nice cloth, my lord."

"Ah!"

"And this is likewise a good one."

"Yes."

"Here is another of excellent quality."

"Very."

"Then which material will your lordship decide upon?"

"I want a suit of clothes."

And that was all the answer poor Schneider could obtain.

But the bishop always dressed like a dignitary, and though his clothes were often faded and worn, and he might have been seen in the neighborhood of his palace with an old hat put on with the rose at the back, he never affected singularity of any kind.

One day a new gardener accosted him as he was walking in the garden with a book in his hand as usual.

"How will your lordship have this border laid out?"

No reply.

The bishop walked on.

"How will your lordship be *pleased* to have this border laid out?"

Still no reply.

On the question being repeated a third time, the answer was, "You are the gardener, I believe, and I am the bishop."

Another day the gardener complained, "The hares have eaten up all the carnations, my lord!"

"Then plant more carnations."

A clergyman asked permission to hold two livings under the prescribed value and, as he hoped it would be considered, within the prescribed distance. So he sought an interview, during which he unrolled an ordnance map and, measuring the scale of miles with a small rule he had brought with him, said,—

"You see, my lord, they are within three miles as the crow flies."

The bishop put his spectacles on and followed the measurement.

"Yes," quoth he, "as the crow flies, I see that plainly enough; but then, you know, you are not a crow, and can't fly. By the turnpike road it is a good five miles, so I cannot permit you to hold the two livings."

A patron, aggrieved because the incum-

bent had compromised himself by habits of intoxication, begged the bishop to give his nominee preference elsewhere.

The bishop replied, "Oh, but if *you* had a living in your gift vacant, how would you like to have it made a *penal settlement*?"

Who will ever forget that celebrated charge which took five hours to deliver? It certainly would have overtaxed the endurance of the clergy, clever and deep as it was, but for the pleasant anticipation of sitting down after it was over to a substantial dinner provided at his lordship's expense. I was sitting at the table when the bill was presented. Finding the amount less than usual, he said, addressing us, —

"My brethren, I think for the future I shall follow mine host's excellent example, and *lessen my charges*."

Bishop Thirlwall was no extempore preacher. Admirable as his speeches were, he had every word of his sermons, and even his confirmation addresses, written. I was asked to preach before the College of St. David at Lampeter, and when I ascended the pulpit found that I had left both my Bible and my notes behind me. Fortunately I remembered the text, and on I went without breaking down. This was told to the bishop.

"I know of no clergyman in my diocese," was his remark, "so likely to make such a blunder, and I know of no clergyman in my diocese better able to get out of it. But for my own part I keep feeling in my pocket for my manuscript during the service, and when I am going up the pulpit stairs I feel again, for fear it should have made its escape in the interval."

There was an eccentric archdeacon in the early part of his episcopate, who always made his dog carry his sermon to church. The dog never forgot his duty but once. The archdeacon gravely told his people from the pulpit that he was sorry they would have to go without a sermon that morning, for *his dog had mislaid it*."

I told the bishop that Professor Maurice preached an eloquent sermon in Tenby Church. The then Archdeacon of St. David's was standing by, and commented on what I said, —

"Not an eloquent sermon; I do not consider Mr. Maurice an eloquent preacher."

"Then I do," said his lordship, and moved away without another word. At a dinner at Abergwili, Mrs. G. T., who sat next to him, ventured on the remark that a certain well-known writer did not look

like a poet. The bishop turned on her, and in his most sarcastic tones said, —

"And do you think poets look different from other people?"

A clergyman wishing to please him, made a flattering remark on a connection of whose abilities he had not the highest opinion.

"He is a very clever man, my lord."

"Well," was the reply, "his intellect certainly is unapproachable."

He could sometimes be severe. Two candidates for holy orders were being examined in Hebrew. Each had the loan of a Hebrew Bible. Whilst they were doing their papers the bishop noticed that one of them had blotted the Bible very badly. His lordship was very much distressed, but only showed what he felt by smacking his lips with a *tut! tut! tut!* usual with him when annoyed. Next morning he called the young man into the library and asked him how he could have stained the Bible with ink, a book he valued highly for its own sake, and as being left him by his brother. The candidate could only stammer out "it was an accident, and that he was very sorry."

"Sorry," said the bishop — "you ought to be sorry. Repent, repent deeply."

As he sat at dinner one day a clergyman was announced who had driven forty miles in bad weather to solicit the appointment to a living his father had just that very day vacated by death. The indelicacy of the proceeding shocked the bishop beyond expression. After considerable parley with the servant, the clergyman entreated his lordship to see him; he consented, but the interview lasted three seconds, and was summed up by the bishop in three words, "Go home, sir." It need not be added that the applicant did not get the living.

Thirlwall was keenly alive to a joke, especially if it had a vein of sarcasm in it. When he was at Cambridge, some one remarked to him that the Americans had a chivalrous admiration of ladies (young), since they called their rivers and states after them — Virginia, *Missis Sippi*, *Miss Ouri*, etc. "But what about Massa Chussets?" said he.

A venerable archdeacon meeting a representative of a type of parsons now rare even in the remotest parts of Wales, who were in the habit of imbibing more than was good for them, thus accosted him: —

"Mr. —, I am sorry to say that I hear you are in the habit of going after divine service into the public house in your village and getting tipsy." The re-

ply, considering that the poor man was probably then under the influence of his cups, and that the archdeacon, as the bishop knew, never took a second glass of wine, was a strong one, and the effect may be imagined:—

"Well, Mr. Archdeacon, that is just for all the world what I do hear of you—yes, indeed!"

Nowhere have the clergy improved more of late years than in Wales, and the bishop did his best to promote suitable men; but they must have tried him greatly. Some of them were mere peasants, destitute of culture, and ignorant of the usages of society. Yet they were hospitably asked to the palace during the ordination weeks.

On one occasion a young fellow came from the hill country to be examined. He had ridden long and far; and, hungry and tired, was shown up into his room about seven o'clock, after having had served to him a cup of tea and a plate of thin bread and butter. Poor fellow! he had hoped for supper, which he gave up in despair, and seeing the footman light his candles, he wished the man good-night, went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. Presently a bell rang, but not so loud as to rouse the sleeper. After a while in came the footman, who told the astonished guest "Dinner is served."

"Dinner?" said the rustic divine—"dinner, why what o'clock is it?"

"Half past seven, sir."

So all he could do was to stretch himself and get into his clothes as quickly as possible, and go down to the dining-room. What a study the bishop's face must have been! Yet hardly more so than when the footman filled the finger-glass a second time after its contents had been drunk, and was going to fill it a third time, when the unhappy youth exclaimed:

"Please, I can't sup it three times!"

My old neighbor Mr. B., of St. F., one of the best scholars and divines, as well as one of the quaintest men in the diocese, was telling the guests, at a dinner where the bishop was present, a few stories about old-fashioned Pembrokeshire parsons.

"As a proof of simplicity," said Mr. B., "the cow-doctor came to give the parson's cow a draught. The parson not being very well, consulted the cow-doctor, and had a similar draught concocted for himself—for, as he concluded, what's good for beast is good for man, and what's good for man is good for beast."

"What!" said the bishop, who had

never taken his eyes off the teller, "did he take the cow-drink, and did he live to tell the story?"

"Yes, my lord, he lived twelve years after."

"I see," added his lordship, "he died *post hoc*, but not *propter hoc*," and he laughed till his shoulders shook.

Another story amused the bishop. It was told by Mr. B. of his and my next neighbor, Mr. S., a clever, scientific, but eccentric divine—how he caught a hare that was eating up the produce of his garden, and especially his favorite parsley bed.

There is very little snow in Pembrokeshire, but on this occasion there had been a downfall, and the hedges were covered. So Mr. S. determined to catch his hare, previous no doubt to skinning him. To do this, he put on his surplice and a white straw hat, loaded his gun, and banged away at poor unconscious pussy, who of course did not distinguish his foe from the surrounding snow, and fell a victim to his ignorance. The bishop's sympathies, however, were entirely with the hare. So they were when a lion-hunter was relating his adventures, how his gun had missed fire, and how, instead of turning on him, the lion made away for the jungle.

"Dear creature!" said the bishop; "and you know he didn't go after *you* with a gun to take away your *life*."*

"Bishop Thirlwall," says a lady friend, "was staying as a guest at our house. Before breakfast the parlor-maid accosted me,—

"Oh, miss, I cannot find the cat; I'm afraid she has been shut up all night in his lordship's room."

"Scarcely were the words spoken when the bishop's door opened, and out stalked Grimalkin, rubbing her head at his lordship's gaiters.

"Oh, my lord," I exclaimed, "I am so sorry; I'm afraid the cat has been shut up in your room!"

"I beg you won't apologize for the cat," was his reply; "she has been very good in keeping me company; she kept me from feeling lonely, didn't you, pussy?" (stroking the cat). "I beg you won't apologize for the cat."

He shared his meals with his cats, gave each of them a saucer of cream before he sat down to his own breakfast, and he allowed them to snatch bits of meat from his fork. At a dinner-party, his favorite

* A similar story is in print, but the above was told me by a personal friend of the bishop.

tabby had taken his place on his shoulder according to custom when he was alone. Finding that pussy took up too much of his attention, he told the servant in attendance to remove him. But this was easier said than done. Puss was so unwilling to vacate his exalted position, that when the footman took hold of him, a struggle commenced, and the cat set his claws into the bishop's neck, and so scratched him that he had to leave the table to put on a clean shirt and cravat. This must have been the cat of which he wrote as follows:—

"I wish there was a cat post—I could send you a lovely tabby. He was brought to me by Tom,* from Nantmel, having received his education from the daughter of a neighboring squire, who taught him, among other things, to scramble up your back, and perch upon your shoulder. This enables him, if you are writing, to check any rash movement of your pen; and if you are at dinner, to interrupt any morsel 'which seems to him likely to go the wrong way.'"

Dogs took to him at once. On one occasion he was dining with a party consisting of fourteen guests. When all were seated at the table, in walked a large dog, never known before to have ventured into the room; the animal took no notice of any one else, but walked straight to the bishop, looked up into his face, and then laid his huge head on the episcopal knee. The host rose to turn the dog out, but the bishop stooped down and kissed it on the forehead, saying, "Dear creature, dear creature; oh, let him stay!" and stay the dog did, neither begging for food nor disturbing any one, and never moving from his place. How the animal found the bishop out, or knew him as a friend, is the puzzle. No doubt dogs confabulate, as Cowper tells us that even Rousseau allowed; but this particular one could have hardly heard of the pet dog that died thirty years before in Yorkshire, and over whose remains his loving master had erected a tomb with an inscription characteristically written in Greek.

He had also a pet fox, which would let no one but his master approach him, and his geese and his peacocks were favorites. He fed the geese, no matter what the weather, sometimes under an umbrella and sometimes when the snow lay thick on the ground, and he attributed his freedom from taking cold partly to his going out to feed them at all seasons. He used

to go down to the pond at four in the afternoon, when his correspondence was over, and call to them, "Where are you all? Where are you all?" and soon he was surrounded by his feathered friends, running or flying over the meadow, and they would eat out of his hand, and even put their beaks into his pockets to find out what was in them.

But there is an end of all things. His peacocks became at last so tiresome that he could bear them no longer. Of one special favorite he says, "What can possess my peacock? He is unfailing in his attendance under my window, and I think he never lets three minutes pass without delivering himself of a series of notes which people who do not enjoy them call screams; yet he is clearly unconscious of any absurdity or impropriety." So before he left his palace at Abergwili for Bath, which he did on resigning his see, to the intense grief of his poorer neighbors, his geese were given away to them one Michaelmastide. The rarer tribes were, I believe, given to adorn some other ponds. The peacocks were sent in pairs to loving friends, and such of them as survive are still kept as memorials of their illustrious donor.

As we stand by Bishop Thirlwall's monument, so near that of his fellow-historian Grote, sorrowfully reflecting on the loss sustained by his death and yet remembering that he was called away full of years, we shall, I venture to think, esteem him all the more because we now know from his beautiful "Letters to a Friend," as well as from the reminiscences of those who were best acquainted with him, that amid his profounder studies he found time to read every work of imagination worth the perusal, and that no safer guide could have been found as to what to read and what to eschew in these days of sensational literature.

But I opine that posterity will love him most for his wide and tender sympathies "for all conditions of life, from the tiniest insect upwards," and for the truth that "the sufferings of all creatures touched his heart:—"

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

I will conclude with Carlyle's description of Abergwili and its surroundings, which any one who knows the place will readily recognize:—

Abergwili is a village of pitiful dimensions,

* His nephew, the Rev. J. T. Thirlwall.

all daubed as usual with whitewash and yellow ochre. It is built, however, like a common village, on both sides of the public road. At the farther end of it, you come to solemn, large, closed gates of wood; on your shout, they open, and you enter upon a considerable glebe-land pleasure, with the usual trees, turf-walks, peacocks, etc., see at fifty yards distance a long, irregular, perhaps cross-shaped edifice, the porch of it surmounted with a stone mitre. . . . We are in an excellent building; long galleries, spacious, quiet rooms, all softly carpeted, furnished room enough for the biggest duke. The mitre does not exclude soft carpeting, good *cheer*, or any contrivance for comforts to the outer man. . . . I have had to look into a thousand books. The good bishop is simple as a child.

It would not have been Carlyle had he not found fault, so he grumbles hard at having to get up to the chapel services, and indeed at the mode of life in the palace generally.

From *vacuum* I have got into *plenum* with a vengeance. What with chapel duty, riding to see views, talking with the brave bishop, late dining, limited tobacco, and flunkies awaking you at seven in the morning (the very terror of which awakes you at six), it is a business one needs to be trained to, and that is not worth while at present.

It is but fair to say that he adds as a sort of *per contra*, "There is much good in all that I see. A *perfection of form* which is not without its value."

Nevertheless the author of "Cromwell" was sorely tried by having to sit in the same room with a portrait of Laud, once Bishop of St. David's:—

"Do but think of a wretched, scarecrow face of Laud looking down on us in Laud's own house that once was, as we sat at meat."

From The Fortnightly Review.
TRY THE BAHAMAS.

To the invalid who annually flies southward from British frosts and fogs, as to the tourist seeking rest and recreation under brighter skies, a short sketch may be interesting of a group of islands but little known, where eternal summer may be found, where frost, fog, and cold winds are unknown, where sufferers from lung affections may find health and strength, lovers of nature explore new fields of research, and lovers of the beautiful revel in unsurpassed splendor of form and color, of earth, and sea, and sky.

The Bahamas are a group of islands

running from the coast of Florida in a south-easterly direction for about four hundred miles. These islands and "cays" fringe the coral banks known as the Great and Little Bahama Banks, which together cover an area of about forty-three thousand square miles. They number about seven hundred, of which fifty are inhabited, varying in size from Harbor Island, with an area of one and a half square miles and a population of 1,970, to Magna, with five hundred and sixty square miles and a population of 1,083. These islands are, like the banks of which they form a portion, formed of the detritus of coral and shells, hardened into solid rock, which though almost flinty in its hardness on the surface, is at a depth of a few inches so soft that the excavations are done with hatchet and saw. Every island is clothed with tropical vegetation, and as ninety per cent. of the plants are flowering, the roadsides are bright with patches of color.

Little known as are the Bahamas to the generality of the British public, there is associated with them one fact of enduring interest. One of the islands was the first landfall of Columbus. Red Leiric may nine hundred years ago have spent twelve months with his storm-driven crew on Rhode Island; or five hundred years before his time the eloquence of St. Brendan may have spread the principles of Christianity among the Mayas of Mexico; or some thousands of years before his time there have been a bi-weekly electric service from Atlantis; but for all practical purposes the enchanted island was first discovered by Columbus, when, on the 12th of October, 1492, he planted the banner of his most Catholic Majesty of Spain on San Salvador, where he was received by the gentle and trusting inhabitants as a messenger from heaven. Within twenty years the inhabitants had learned their first and last lesson in the blessings of European civilization of the fifteenth century, for, labor failing in the neighboring possessions, the entire population was swept away to torture and death in the mines of Hispaniola, and for a hundred years the islands became verdant deserts.

In 1629 an English settlement was established, which was attacked by the Spaniards in 1641. In 1677 the proprietor of the Carolinas sent a Mr. Clarke as governor, but three years later the Spaniards again destroyed the settlement, carried off the governor, and it is said that, as a gentle hint to aspirants for that honor, he was roasted on a spit after the thoroughgoing fashion of those days of whole

measures. That the hint was not sufficient is clear from the fact that ten years later we find a Mr. Cadwallader Jones filling that somewhat risky position, and holding it against all comers with the assistance of the pirate Avery.

In 1703 the islands were for the fourth time swept of their inhabitants; the French and Spaniards blowing up the fortress, burning the church, sacking the town, and carrying off the governor and inhabitants to Havana.

The islands were now utilized by various pirate crews who preyed upon the commerce of the West Indian seas, retiring from pursuit of warships among the shallow waters and intricate passages of the archipelago. They established their headquarters at New Providence, about which island the vast treasure amassed by the infamous Blackbeard, the most cruel and able of their leaders, is supposed to be concealed.

In 1718, George I., in answer to a petition from the merchants of London and Bristol, commissioned Captain Woods Rogers as governor, and sent him with one hundred men to restore order, with offers of pardon for repentant rovers, and from this date the real settlement of the Bahamas may be computed.

Once more, however, in 1782, the island of New Providence was attacked by five thousand Spanish troops, and the garrison of one hundred and seventy men forced to capitulate; but in the following year the place was recovered by Colonel Deveaux, who, sailing from St. Augustine with sixty-five men, recruited his force in Harbor Island, and secured the capitulation of the Spanish garrison by a boldly designed and well-executed military ruse.

Such is a brief synopsis of the history of the islands. After the expulsion of the pirates the settlement of the out islands proceeded steadily, and at the end of the century the islands of New Providence, and all those to the south and east, were under cultivation by slave labor; cotton, pineapples, and sugarcane being the staple crops. With the abolition of slavery these extensive cultivations were abandoned. In the first rebound from forced labor it was found impossible to secure labor on any terms. Owners left their properties, and the freed slaves devoted themselves to the cultivation of small patches, from which their descendants still produce maize, peas, sweet potatoes, yams, and fruits of endless variety.

Perhaps nothing could more clearly show how entirely are the Bahamas out of

the usual track of travellers than the fact that neither at Cook's nor at Gaze's offices could I obtain information as to communication with Nassau. After much trouble I found that the usual passenger route was from New York, and my own experience of the voyage was that there could be no better or more comfortable ships than the mail steamers that, leaving New York every alternate Thursday at 3 P.M., arrive in Nassau at 6 A.M. on Monday. Leaving New York on a bitter day in February, with the snow and slush ankle-deep, we found ourselves next day off Cape Hatteras with the keen north wind filling our sails. All around was clear, bright weather, but far ahead we saw a dense white fog, reaching from the west away to the north-east, as far as the eye could reach. As we approached the outline became more defined, and we beheld from horizon to horizon the clear-cut line of steam rise from the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, that giant river of the ocean, so graphically described by Maury, and so difficult to realize unless one has seen it under similar conditions of sharp definition. It is impossible to exaggerate the grandeur of the effect. When we plunged into its troubled waves the sensation was that of being launched on a mighty cauldron of boiling water. Like magic, the keen north wind was killed; the steam-pipes that warmed the cabins and saloon were shut off, overcoats were laid aside, and when we emerged from the muggy vapor we found ourselves in the full blaze of the southern sun. The north wind still filled our sails, but its teeth were drawn, and we now welcomed its cool and renovating freshness. The ocean had become more blue, and the shoals, or rather flocks of flying fish that skimmed away to right and left, with a flight rather like that of electrified landrails, proclaimed that we had crossed the threshold of those southern seas on whose bosom so many gallant fights have been fought, in whose depths so many deeds of bloody horror are buried, and whose waters kiss the shores of the fairest portion of the earth's surface.

Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, is situated on the island of New Providence, along the northern shore of which it is built. Its harbor is formed by a long cay, called Hog Island, which stretches for three miles from east to west, about half a mile from the shore. The harbor mouth is at the western end, and vessels drawing seventeen feet can enter at low water. Half a mile from the harbor mouth the deep blue of the sea shows that

soundings are lost, and here, indeed, the soundings sink suddenly from fifteen to over three hundred fathoms. Between the edge of this great submarine valley which runs to the south for a hundred miles, and the shores of New Providence, the waters, clear as crystal, show ever-varying gradations of color. No language can describe the exquisite brilliancy of the tints, and no known pigments can reproduce them.

About four hundred yards from the harbor runs a ridge ninety feet high, the land sloping gently to the shore. Along this slope the town of Nassau is built. The wide streets are shaded by rows of the broad-leaved wild almond, acacia, and other flowering trees, and the white glare is relieved by the colors of the deep verandahs with which every house is surrounded. Flowers are everywhere, and everlasting. Over the walls are flung great sheets of creepers, laden with pink, or purple, or yellow masses, or the cool green flecked with single blossoms of the beautiful blue pea. In summer the air is laden with the perfume of orange-blossoms. Now the trees are seen bending beneath their golden burden, contrasting with the brilliant scarlet of the hibiscus and the poinsettia. Roses, jessamine, stephanotis, gardenia, bougainvillea, grow everywhere in wild profusion. The oleander, like the hibiscus, grows to the height of twenty feet or more, and over all waves the great circular plume of the coconut palm, its long and slender stem swaying and bending to the gentlest zephyr.

Nor is the attraction of Nassau confined to its picturesque aspect. It is one of the cleanest towns in the world. Built as it is on a coral rock, everything lends itself to cleanliness; but it does not always follow that the most or the best is made of naturally good situations. Here the streets and roads are tended with scrupulous care, and swept each morning. All dead animals are taken out over the bar and flung into the sea. Even fowls are thus disposed of, and it is not unusual to find among the items of expenditure of the Board of Health: "To the removal of one dead fowl, one shilling." It follows that the place is singularly healthy. There is no endemic disease; the death-rate of New Providence for 1884 was twenty-three per thousand.

At 5 A.M. all the working world is astir, and the roads from east, west, and south, are crowded with men and women bound for the market, carrying trays of fruit and

vegetables, or bundles of green fodder for the horses. Everything is carried upon the head, from a bundle of cut grass large as a feather bed, to a pint of ground-nuts. The man going to the country to cut firewood carries his *macheti*, or cutlass, on his head, and I have seen a girl gravely walking along with her hands swinging idle, and a pair of scissors poised on the crown of her hat. The consequence of this habit is that men and women possess a singularly upright carriage. The women are tall and peculiarly graceful, and on Sundays and holidays they dress with a neatness and taste entirely foreign to the descriptions that have been given by novelists and travellers of the riotous exuberance of negro holiday costume in other West Indian islands.

Standing on the crest of the ridge, on which Government House, the Royal Victoria Hotel, and several large private houses, are built, one can look down over the city of Nassau and the opal-tinted waters of the harbor to the north, while to the south range the populous suburbs of Grantstown and Baintown. Each house stands in a separate plot, and is so imbedded in fruit trees that nothing appears save a forest of mangoes, pear-trees, sapodillas, oranges, limes, cocoanuts, over which peep the roofs of two or three houses, with the Episcopalian and Methodist churches. Beyond lies a broad green valley, and two miles away the eye rests upon the beginning of the pine forest just peeping over the blue hills, from which it runs south and west right across the island. The pine barren is traversed by several excellent roads, and a morning ride or drive while the delicate haze still lingers among the forest of stems, and the air is full of the fresh scent of the pine woods, is not easily forgotten. Below are flowering shrubs all mantled with creepers. The beautiful morning glory expands its light blue bell, that will wither when the midday glare beats down upon it. The more hardy spornea hangs out its purple temptations. Passion-flowers festoon themselves over the low bushes, and mauve and pink orchids spring up in every direction; while above, the glancing rays of the rising sun make wide patches of brilliant light in the cool pine tops. The dewdrops pearl each bud and leaf, and one feels how truly Moore has sung of the wild freshness of morning, that its clouds and its tears are worth evening's best light.

Even at this early hour the inhabitants of Grantstown have already come out to

their cleared fields, or are seen returning to the town with bundles of firewood. It is a mistake to imagine that the black people are not industrious. With the first streak of dawn they go to their fields, where they work steadily during the day; their labor produces abundance for their wants, and as I see the happy faces of an afternoon, and look into their clean and neatly kept houses, I wish that I could transplant some of our poor people from the congested districts of Ireland to similar comfort and content.

The negro is very fond of endearing expressions. No black woman will say "Good morning," without adding "my dear." Sometimes the affectionate terms are even more pronounced, and when a couple of old ladies, enjoying their morning pipes, loudly exchange the salutation, "Good morning, my love," "Good morning, my darling," the effect is decidedly comical.

I said the "negro," but however correct as a scientific definition of the black races of Africa, the word negro gives great offence to the black people in the West Indies. They look upon the term as a definition of a slave, and resent it accordingly.

From October to July the sponging season is in full swing. There are over five thousand men and boys engaged in the fishery, each schooner carrying a crew of five to seven. The sponges are found all over the banks, which vary in depth from two to four fathoms. The fishing is managed on the share system, the crew being thus directly interested in the success of the voyage, which lasts about six weeks. Arrived on the ground, the small boats, of which each schooner carries two or three, put off, manned each by two men, one of whom sculls, while the other, armed with a thirty-foot pole, bearing at the end a double hook, lies extended over the bow, and examines the bottom through a "sponge glass," or bucket with a glass bottom. Laying this upon the surface, everything below is seen as clearly as if no water intervened. Even in fifteen and twenty fathoms the bottom can be clearly seen and examined. The sponges when found are hooked up by the armed pole, and as soon as the schooner's deck is filled she sails away to a ranche, where she deposits her now evil-smelling load in a "crawl," or enclosure of wattles in shallow water, where it remains for a fortnight, during which the crew are fishing for a fresh cargo. On their return all hands enter the crawl and beat out the now

rotted, fleshy part of the sponge, which, when first gathered, presents the appearance of a round mass of dark india-rubber freely perforated. When the fleshy part has been thoroughly removed and the marketable skeleton washed, the heap is laid on shore in a secluded spot, while the lot that has taken its place remains in the crawl, and the schooner starts again for the sponge banks. At length enough has been gathered and cleaned to load the vessel, when the sponges are sorted by the crew into glove, reef, lamb's-wool, grass, etc., and each kind separately strung in rings of from one to two dozen. In this way they are sold by auction in the sponge exchange, when the first step of the preparation for the consumer is carried out by the sponge merchants. The sponges are exposed to the sun to improve the color. They are then clipped and all irregularities and pieces of shell or rock removed by the clipper, and once out of his hands they are, so far as the Bahama sponge merchant is concerned, ready to be pressed in bales and exported. But then whence comes the mass of fine white sand that has to be removed with so much worry and labor before we can use the new sponge carefully selected at shop or co-operative store? Ah! there's the rub. I always thought, with the majority of the British public, that as sand and sponge grew together they became inextricably mixed, and though I resented the division of labor that placed the removal on the shoulders of the consumer, I bowed to the inevitable. Now I know that sponges do not grow on sand, that when they are sent to New York, or Hamburg, or Paris — the great centres of the sponge trade — there is no sand in them, and that they are sold by weight to the consumer.

No body of black men can do anything without music. If forty men are working an engine at a fire, one man stands between the handles and improvises a ditty with alternate lines sung by the workers, and a swinging chorus at the end. It is the same in launching a ship or unloading, or anything requiring simultaneous effort. I fancy that many old English ditties now being forgotten in these days of steam winches would be found among the blacks of the West Indian islands. They have wonderfully true ears and are very fond of harmony. At a little distance the effect of these choruses is really charming.

As I have said before, about fifty of the islands are inhabited, and a cruise among them will well repay the trouble. Everywhere are to be found delightful nooks,

any one of which at home would make the fortune of the district. On broad reaches of sandy beach, or in deeply indented bays, may be picked up those shells of rare beauty for which these seas are famous. All over the banks are found the great conches, of which there are three kinds, the broad, pink-lipped *Strombus gigas*, the king, and the queen. The first is used for food, and in it are found the pink pearls for which large prices are sometimes paid, the larger and perfectly watered specimens selling for as much as £3 a grain; but I fear that the exquisite color and lustre are somewhat wanting in stability.

A winter cruise among the islands gives one many opportunities of sea-fishing. As a rule, the banks are level as a billiard-table, and free from rocks. Here there is no life to be found; but wherever a rock can be discerned, with its garniture of sea-plants and zoophytes, there will be found a shoal of fish, and such fish! It would seem as if the brilliant hues of the equatorial bird life had here been given to the fishes, which are startling in the brilliancy and variety of their color; sky blue, deep blue, bright yellow, blue and black bars, cardinal red, plain colors, striped, zigzag, half-and-half. There is scarcely a fantastic arrangement of color that cannot be found. Then the fishing for them is quite a different process from that at home, where you fling out your bait and wait patiently for a bite. Here you are so far like a hawk or an eagle that you see your prey, and your interest is never allowed to flag. With a water-glass over the side, you look down on the bright array of fishes, whose every movement you can note. Having made up your mind which you wish to tempt, you play for him, and probably you will be kept busily employed in saving the bait from the shoal of useless little foragers who are always so ready to bite it off in small pieces, until at last but the bare hook is left. The large fish approaches the matter with much greater deliberation; but when he makes up his mind, after sailing round once or twice, he means business. This is much more satisfactory sport than sitting for an hour or so, as one sometimes does in northern waters, without a single bite. If there are fish here you see them; if there are none, you go away and look for another rock. The lobsters are "pegged" in the same way. Sometimes a single "head" or rock is fringed round the base with the long antennæ of the lobster — really a glorified crayfish. From

time to time one puts out his head to see how the world wags, and then a small peg at the end of a pole is driven into his mailed back, that is if you don't miss him, which you probably will twice out of every three times.

Many and fearful are the stories of sharks in these latitudes. Sharks there are, and many of them in the deep waters, but they are rarely found in the shallow waters of the bays. Here people bathe every day, all the year round. I have not heard a single instance of their being attacked. At the harbor mouth no doubt there are large sharks; indeed, I have harpooned them up to ten and a half feet long; yet close to the place any number of men and boys will plunge overboard with assured impunity after the silver coins flung over by passengers while the mail steamer is at anchor. It goes without saying that the people are fond of amusement. They dearly love a procession, and every friendly society has its annual day's outing, when the members and their families, all dressed in their best, with flags and banners, and headed by their band, march to some church or chapel, where they have a special service and sermon. Hardly a week passes without a ball or a dance in Grantstown, where the strains of the See-saw or Myosotis waltzes are heard far into the night. Christmas is celebrated after a peculiar fashion; every boy who can earn or borrow a few pence spends the money in crackers, and for two or three days a continuous fire-firing is heard. Nor is the sport confined entirely to the junior members of the community, for the explosion of crackers is *de rigueur* in Grantstown, and the gravest house-father is not above adding his quota of noise to the general din. The plunger in this wild revel expends a shilling in the purchase of a handful, and, turning an empty barrel over the lot, sits on the top while they go off inside, perfectly happy at the appalling noise that he is producing. The other great annual function is the burning of Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November, and as the dense crowd sweeps along the streets to the water battery, every man carrying aloft a blazing torch, the effect is such as the spirited manager of Drury Lane might envy.

From November to April there is a constant stream of visitors from the United States. Some come for rest, some follow the sun, as Europeans fly to the Riviera and Italy. The climate is undeniably beneficial to persons suffering from

lung complaints, and it is not uncommon to see walking about persons who, ten days or a fortnight ago, were carried ashore from the steamer. The hotel, which is leased from the government by an American and conducted on the American system, is very well situated, and accommodates over one hundred guests. There are, besides, several boarding-houses. The average expense is from 12s. to 20s. per day. Carriages can be had at any moment, and the roads leave little to be desired. I had written this short paper in the interest of invalids who were recently cut off from the health resorts of Europe by the cholera epidemic, and who might possibly be induced to try the effect of a perfect winter climate in an easily reached British colony. But the invalid of whom I am thinking is always in search of health. And with the invalid is apt to come some healthy member of the family whom, if the tropics or subtropics are not usually the regions of sport, it may interest a little to know that there is excellent duck shooting and fair snipe and quail shooting if they wish to look for it, in the Bahamas. On the islands of Andros and Abaco great flocks of flamingoes are found, but to approach these wary birds would need the endurance and skill of a practised deer-stalker.

The winter temperature varies from 65° to 75°. In summer it goes up to 93°. The figures given by the thermometer are, however, no real guide to the sensations of heat and cold; 75° with a saturated atmosphere and no wind is uncomfortable and enervating, while 90° with a brisk easterly breeze is not only bearable but pleasant.

The advantages of the Bahamas over Florida, as a health resort, are the good condition of its roads and the freedom from the "cold snap" that sometimes sweeps down the Mississippi valley, blighting the fruit trees and sorely trying the delicate lungs of invalids. I can understand the shudder with which any health-seeking exile thinks of crossing the Atlantic, who has looked forward with dire uneasiness to the inevitable hour and a half from Dover to Calais. But I can answer from experience that in the Channel passage you enjoy the concentrated essence of the sickness of the long sea voyage. There are at present two ways of reaching Nassau. One from New York by the steamships Cienfuegos and Santiago, belonging to Ward & Co., of 113 Wall Street, which leave New York every alternate Thursday, and arrive here on

Monday morning, *en route* for the Cuban towns of Santiago and Cienfuegos, the two outward-bound and homeward-bound steamers meeting here; the other by the direct steamers Godalming and Salerno, which are owned by Scrutton & Co., of 9 Gracechurch Street, London, and touch here about every six weeks, *en route* for Belize. The through first-class fare by either route is £21, or £35 for the return trip. The journey by New York can be done in about eleven days. The London steamers take from eighteen to twenty. A third line is about to be started immediately from Jacksonville in Florida, from whence a steamer with good accommodation will come and return once each week, the voyage taking only a day and a half.

Now that attention is being directed to Florida as a field for the investment of capital, it may not be out of place to say a few words on the capabilities of the Bahamas. There is hardly a known tropical fruit or product that will not grow here, and most of the European vegetables can also be grown. The mango, banana, pineapple, lemon, lime, cocoanut, grow freely. Cotton and the fibre-plants, of which Yucatan exports so largely, grow wild, and are capable of being produced to any extent. The one and only difficulty in the manipulation of the fibres is the want of water, which would have to be stored in tanks. The oranges are as fine as any grown in Florida, and the cultivation of any one of the staples mentioned is capable of being extended very largely. Grapes grow wild, and the imported kinds grow and bear with extraordinary luxuriance. The cultivation of all produce, it should be understood, is at present carried on by people ignorant of the first principles of agriculture. With capital, steadiness, and perseverance these islands offer in many places a profitable field for investment; but the work must be done by the owner, or under the direct personal supervision of the owner. Land can be purchased from the crown at 5s. per acre, 2s. paid on application, and the remainder in six months. At any rate it may be worth the while of a possible settler to come and see for himself.

The visitors' season ends in April. At the end of May every stranger has departed, and in June the summer rains begin. It rarely rains in the day-time. At night the rain comes down as rain can come down about the tropics, but with the morning sun the clouds lift, and, the porous rock drinking the rain like a sponge, street and road are dry and pleas-

ant. Then the orchids all begin to bloom among the bush, thrusting their long flower-stems out to the nearest clearing. Every tree bears its load of parasitic plants, and flowers peep out from unexpected forks and branches. In summer all nature is in flower, the forest trees competing with the smaller shrubs in the size and beauty of their blossoms. The wild mammea, with its camellia-like blooms terminating every branch, is a sight to make a florist shout for joy, and the night-blooming cereus, with its glorious flowers, each three feet in circumference, is worth a pilgrimage to look upon.

HENRY A. BLAKE.

From All The Year Round.
A FAROE FETE DAY.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

It was the 29th of July, and I had just come down-stairs from between the two feather beds which had kept me hot through the night, when my landlady met me in the passage with a flush on her cheeks.

"You must go to make quick, if you wish for to see what occurs in the church. It is once a year it happens only, and it is to-day that it is. And see how the people from the other islands are coming in! Here is the tenth boat since nine o'clock, and it is going half-nine. And all full, too! Oh, Thorshavn will be a fine place this day, with so many people in her! And such dancing as there will have to-night you never see!"

Having shot these words at me with amazing speed, considering her imperfect acquaintance with idiomatic English, my landlady bounced out of sight. A minute afterwards I heard her tongue rattling in company with several Faroemen, and my name sounded like a bell in a storm—the only syllable of her outpouring that I could understand. I believe she was telling her associates that I was the laziest Englishman she had ever had the honor of accommodating in her house.

I had not been in Thorshavn three days, but that was long enough for me to know that St. Olaf's Day is a considerable festival throughout the Faroes. It is Parliament day, and there is much dancing in the evening, and, indeed, all through the small hours, until full day again absorbs

the lingering twilight of a northern night in July.

And all the time she was preparing my breakfast my landlady prattled on about the excitements of the day, her memories of past 29ths of July, the number of glasses of wine that would be drunk in Thorshavn ere the day was over, and her surmises as to whether young Sören of Eide, young Petersen of Naalsøe, and young Bjornsen of Klaksvig would, in the course of the eventful evening, finally come to the point with Olivina, Friga, and Petra—something or other. St. Olaf's Day is a sort of Valentine's Day, it seems, only that in Faroe there is much less irresponsible frivolity than in England.

In the midst of my landlady's chatter in rushed a little boy, with his red Faroe cap ungallantly on his head, and said something shrilly to my landlady.

"It's the gunboat!" she exclaimed, for my information. "Gracious goodness, what a scene there will have! She come in in the night, and lie up in the other bay, and the captain—he's a rale good man—he will go to the church in his uniform, and so there'll be something more to be saw than general."

"And Jan Winter, from the Shetlands," continued the boy, now speaking English, which he had learned very well in the Thorshavn school, "he want a bed this night; and Niels Brat, he also; and Amelia Jonas, from Suderoe—she come in the smack with the rest—and she, too, desire you to give her a bed."

But now my landlady's growing impatience burst its bounds.

"And how in heaven can I give they beds, you senseless child, when the Englishman here have got them all——"

I was about to ask for an explanation of this charge, for it did not seem becoming that the little boy should spread such a calumny through the town, when my landlady's storekeeper appeared with a radiant face, and gave me a card.

"There will be much good to eat," he said; "and I wish it was me."

Then, under the interested gaze of my landlady, the man, and the boy, I read on the card that I was invited to a supper that night by the governor of the Faroes in the Lagthing's House, or House of Parliament. I was very pleased, and said as much.

"Well, it will be a day, that's all," commented my landlady.

"Yes; not another like it till the next year be come round," remarked the storekeeper.

"And the sun, it break through the fog — look!" cried the boy, running towards the window, whence could be seen a faint, silvery gleam on the hither water in the little rock-bound harbor, and the hulls of two schooners, whose masts were still in the clouds.

But what now enthralled the eyes of my friends more than the dispersing fog or the shining water under the fog, were the boats on the shingle some ten yards from our door, and the crowd of men and women in gala dresses strolling thence into the streets of the town. And before I could say another word, my landlady, the storekeeper, and the boy had gone through the door, and were chattering like girls with their respective friends from other parts of the isles.

After breakfast I climbed the narrow, winding street on to the breezy track leading towards the fort or prison of Thorshavn. The mist had gone by this. The sea was blue and still; the dark, triangular peak of Naalsøe Island, three miles from the shore, looked superb; the schooners and other vessels in the bay showed their respective flags in honor of the day; and, looking back, the coterie of grass-roofed black and grey bodied little houses of Thorshavn, half swathed in their blue peat-smoke which lay over them like a cloud, was also gay with a score of flags, which lazily unfolded themselves for one moment to droop inertly the next.

Many of the new arrivals from other isles were, like myself, taking a walk amid the upland meadows of the town, with the sea for a spectacle on one side, and the Thorshavn kine, tethered each in the middle of his little patch, dotting the green spaces on the other side. Not that they had eyes for the picturesque. It were hardly to be expected of Faroemen, born and bred in the fog, and living of necessity active lives. But they were extraordinarily happy, all of them, judged by the riot of their laughter and the radiance of their faces. And the Farøe maids were no less so. These, for a head-dress, had a black silk handkerchief drawn tightly across their crown, and allowed to fall in a point behind. For the rest, each of them wore a shawl of the gayest conceivable colors just covering her shoulders; and such of them as had good hair, showed a brace of well-plaited and ribboned pigtailed reposing on the parti-colored wool. Their gowns were soberer; but as they walked, from beneath their skirts, their small feet stole forth daintily, shod in bright yellow lambskin mocassins.

The track passed three wooden seats, set up by the municipality, where the view of Naalsøe over the sea is best. The seats were cut and carved with initials and phrases like an English school-desk. But, on this occasion, not a letter of the alphabet was visible; Farøe men and maids covered every inch of the seats. A little farther, and we came in sight of the headlands and mountains of the more distant isles. Hence one might count five capes of dark cliffs, running seawards from the mainland in a south-easterly direction, and one in particular, higher than the rest, and all but precipitous. More inland, the mountains showed fantastically purple-grey under the clearing light. A spot of snow under the brow of one of them, gleamed like an eye. One other, the highest of all, had a tiny band of snowy cloud round his crown, which rose above it like a bald pate. The loftiest of Farøe's peaks is barely three thousand feet in height; but, with no near standard to judge them by, they are as effective as if they were twice as high.

In company with the others, I was enjoying this prospect, when a sudden hush of tongues made me look aside. The Farøe girls were smoothing their dresses or feeling if their pigtailed were in good condition; while, now and again, they glanced in the direction of the rocks in front. Following their gaze, I saw a gentleman in a black gown, with an Elizabethan ruff about his neck and a black cloth hat on his head. He was bounding from boulder to boulder with the agility of a Farøe sheep. And, indeed, his experience of the country was as wide as that of most sheep in the neighborhood; for I soon recognized him as the dean of the isles. He was a Faroeman in every sense. The men raised their caps, the women curtsied; and, having acknowledged their civilities, the dean stepped briskly ahead towards the town. It was time, moreover, for the bell of the Thorshavn church had already been ringing blithely for five minutes, and the dean was the most essential personage — after the governor of the isles — at the solemn service which was to precede the inauguration of Parliament. And so we followed in the dean's footsteps.

The church of Thorshavn has, externally, none of the graces of antiquity. It is of wood, whitewashed, with a tower showing the face of an untruthful clock, and a top-heavy vane over the clock. It stands in a little churchyard; and from the simple graves you look over the larger

bay of Thorshavn, towards the tiny village of Arge, on the coast, the iron headland of Glovernces, and the hills where they rise, cumbered irregularly with rocks, betwixt Thorshavn and Kirkeboe, to the height of some twelve hundred feet. A few yards from the west end of the church the ground falls abruptly to a cove filled with fishing-boats, and bordered by two or three of Thorshavn's chief merchant establishments, into whose warehouses files of burden-bearing men, with bent backs, go all day long from the little pier. But, with a strong south-east wind, the water tumbles into this inlet with a vigor and noise that make such work impossible. At such a time the boats are drawn high out of reach of harm, and the merchants shut their doors and bolt them.

To-day, however, the water was placid and bright; and it was the brighter for the scarlet and white colors of the flags which fluttered gently from the masts of the schooners in this bay also. Five hundred yards from shore lay the Danish gunboat, the *Diana*, whose arrival had so stirred my landlady. She is only a little ship, but a smart one; and the smarter this morning for the clothes from yesterday's wash, which, slung from mast to mast, look like decorations responsive to those of the town itself. Strains of music from the gunboat came over the water, and caught us at the door of the church, where a score of muscular men were lingering until the last moment. They are playing the Danish national anthem in honor of the day, and, while they played, we saw a boat being lowered, and the ceremonious descent thereinto of a gentleman, heavy with epaulettes, and with a cocked hat upon his head. This was the captain of the gunboat, and he was to lend his presence to the scene in the church.

Led by the little boy of the morning, I now entered the church. Thirty or forty silent men and women were in the anteroom. As strangers, they may have been too nervous to go farther, though Faroe physique ought to be ignorant of its nerves. Perhaps, however, they were waiting for the organ to be still. A sad voluntary, played with enthusiasm, sounded a little odd.

The church was already nearly full. The leading citizens and merchants, with their families, sat in the gallery and in front of the nave, while the rest of the nave was devoted to the use of the fishermen, day-laborers, peat-gatherers, etc., who, in any community less democratic than the Faroes, would be termed the

lower classes. Round about the organ in the western gallery were a score or so of boys and girls with Saxon faces, and rather vacant expressions. These were the choir; and, preliminary to their time for work, they were chattering like the boys of an English cathedral school. But it was towards the east end of the church that most eyes were turned. There, by the altar, on one side sat the dean; and on the other was the governor, accompanied by the gunboat captain, and two or three of the chief officials of the dependency. A little to the left, in front of the dean, was a man whose duties subsequently proved to be multifarious. He changed the dean's robes, gave him a book when he asked for it; and when the dean was off duty, as it were, he acted as his substitute by standing before the congregation and reading, with perfect self-possession and very fair intonation and expression, what may be synonymous with our "lessons for the day." This gentleman's habits in public were not wholly pleasing; now and again he would cough violently, and then, having drawn attention to himself, blow his nose in a very vulgar way.

Only two objects in the church seem worthy of particular mention. Over the altar is a picture of Christ's burial, which, with the sun upon it, is a little ghastly. As a work of art it is not striking otherwise. The other object is a brazen chandelier or candelabra, suspended from the roof of the church. This is of good workmanship, and bears an inscription and seventeenth-century date. Internally, as externally, the church is whitewashed, the walls and ceiling are panelled, and pencilled with thin lines of gold, which, through a little barbaric, have a good effect. Of the service on this occasion, I can say little from actual knowledge. But that it had some political significance one ignorant of the language in which it was conducted could surmise from the frequent repetition of the words *Kong* and *Fadreland* in the mouths of the priest and people. The sermon in particular, admirably delivered by-the-by, had a loyal and patriotic ring about it. And when all was over, and the congregation rose to their feet, the dean of the isles and the governor bowed and shook hands by the altar, and the state officials formed in line, and marched down the aisle and out of the building, followed by the people. There was much smiling and renewed prattle outside the church as friends met friends, and not a few glances

between men and maids, which might mean challenges for a hot bout of dancing in the small hours of the night.

"No; it will not be yet," said my little boy — I was for going to the House of Parliament at once, and securing a seat, but my guide, with a little contempt for my impetuosity, restrained me — "and it will not be any use for you to go since you do not understand the Dansk. The Lagthing's men are not fine to see, and they will do nothing, and you will come from them with a disappointment."

"Then what do you propose, my little man?" The child was becoming almost paternal in his tone and speech. Was it that his superior powers of language made him condemn me, or had he the scorn for a stranger that we English are civil enough to feel and signify now and then?

"You can go home and eat if you desire," replied the boy methodically; "or if you prefer, there is an assembly of farmers from the other isles in one of the houses, and they will let you in to listen to them. You will like that, perhaps. It is about bulls that they are going to talk. Oh yes; there is a great need of good bulls in the Faroes. But I must go; my mother signs for me. Farewell."

The boy gave me a smile of encouragement, as if to reconcile me to my loneliness, pressed my hand with his small fingers, and ran off down a breakneck alley after a lady, whose face I had seen turned towards us more than once. As sage a little twelve-year-old as one could wish to find in the best educated of families.

"I will see you again," he shouted from a distance, and then he fell into the hands of his mother.

About an hour later, I was conducted from my lodging to the Lagthing's house, or Faroe Parliament building.

Of this edifice, happily, no archæological description is necessary. Faroe has had a local government for nearly a thousand years, and even when the isles came under the control of Norway — in 1024 — they were not wholly deprived of their autonomous privileges. At the outset, in the rude times when William the Conqueror landed at Hastings, and the Norwegian kings were Christianizing the north, even to the coasts of western Greenland, Newfoundland, and Iceland, Faroe's rulers met in the open air. A stone was the seat of their president, and they clustered about him, rattling their arms, or murmuring in the way then com-

monly adopted to express approval or disapproval of public speakers and public measures proposed in debate. But subsequently a building was erected, and herein the four dozen gentlemen who composed the Parliament sat, each sandwiched, as it were, between a brace of counsellors. A member could stoop to the front, and listen to the opinion of his one confederate, then bend backwards and hearken to the advice of the other; and if he himself were not very sure of his understanding, what could be simpler than to set the opinion of his one counsellor by the side of that of the other, and spare himself all mental exertion by acting straightforwardly if their opinions concurred, or with alternating partiality if they differed? Nowadays, however, a member has no such chance of an esteemed public life at the expense of two men wiser than himself.

The present Parliament House is a building of boards wholly, except as to its foundation, and the superstructure a foot or two from the ground, and at stated times the exterior of it is tarred, as if to indicate the extreme solemnity of the business conducted within. It stands alone by the edge of a rough road, which, half a mile farther, almost disappears amid the heather, and bog, and boulders which characterize the interior of all the Faroes. A tumbling stream traverses the meadows on the other side of it, and when the grass is cut from them, these meadows are given up to the cows and calves, who, at little inconvenience, may look in at the windows of the Parliament House, and see the Lagthing's men during their most important sessions. Bleak, brown hills close in the view from the building, north, south, and west.

My little boy led me to the door of the house rather perfunctorily. He had to pass several knots of his schoolfellows on the way, and he did not seem to relish the distinction which had been given him on account of his industry as an English scholar — even in the Faroes a "sap" is probably not appreciated according to his merits.

"Come in with me," I said to the little boy, somewhat moved to pity by his dejected looks. If he were really a lover of knowledge for knowledge's sake it would be most instructive for him to be present at the opening of his country's Parliament.

"Not I," said he, however, with a tone that implied he would not bear another straw's weight of indignity. "Perhaps you will think it fine since you have not

been born in Faroe; but it is nothing to me. I wish to go to play."

And the little boy's wish was quick father to the deed, for he went off forthwith, and, later, from my seat in the House of Parliament, I watched him elatedly playing at cross-tick with his school-mates in the meadow outside, casting occasional glances of seeming derision towards the House of Parliament.

An usher, in untanned cowskin shoes, now showed me to a seat in a gallery of the chamber; for here, as at Westminster, a gallery is reserved for spectators and auditors at the sittings; though here, differing from Westminster, the gallery is raised barely a foot above the level of the rest of the room.

The members had not yet entered. Some of them were said to be up-stairs preparing. But certain Faroes from the country were in the gallery by my side, looking as if they feared being devoured at any moment. Open-air folks, they would have been infinitely more at home in the open-air assemblies of the Thing five hundred years ago. They were restlessly fingering their red and blue striped turbans, and coming as near to a blush as their swarthy cheeks and manly years would allow. Not for the world would one of them have ventured to cross his legs unless he were rendered conspicuous by having them uncrossed.

Of the room itself a few words must be said. It was some fifteen paces in length by five in breadth, with the gallery at one end occupying nearly a third of its area. This gallery was divided from the house proper by a low balustrade of wood, with supports painted vermilion. A visitor could with ease stoop over and snatch the papers from a deputy's hand, or assail him personally. On a bracket in the wall, at the other end of the room, was a bust of King Christian the Ninth, of Denmark; and under the bust was the seat of his majesty's deputy in the isles, flanked by desks beneath him. Elsewhere was a portrait of the same king, who carried the hearts of the Faroese by visiting them for an entire day in 1874. Occupying the body of the room were the tables for the statesmen — ranged in a horseshoe — covered with serviceable brown oil-cloth, and provided with ink-pots, blotting-paper, quill pens, and reports of the last year's session; and to each member was a chair. Otherwise the furniture was scanty, consisting of a stove on one side of the room, and a long, old-fashioned clock on the other. The windows looking from the

chamber towards the hills, with the stream and meadows close by, were decorated with scarlet blinds, through which the sun shone with vivid effect; lastly, the cornicing was gilded. At a squeeze the room might hold about a hundred and fifty people.

After an interval the members themselves appear one by one. It is ten months since they met together; they may be excused, therefore, for not seeming thoroughly at home with their surroundings. They glance about them as if they were in a museum, at each other, at the tables, at us, the commonalty in the gallery, and finally, with sublime antagonism, at the vexatious papers on the tables. For the most part, moreover, the gentlemen are as uncouth in their costume as in their personal appearance. They have put on the decent shiny black which marks these two months of the year very distinctly from the other ten; but it does not become them. Since last September they have worked on their farms, "taught school," or what not; and now they are brought by the irony of circumstance to sit in Parliament. How should they be at their ease so early in the day?

This gentleman, for example, during the previous ten months has not left his home in the lonely, mountain-circled fiord in the north. All this time he has had no other associates than his own serving men and maids, his wife, his flocks at shearing-time, his cows, and his dogs. Nor has he benefited by any culture or educational influences other than what he has been able to glean from the weekly *Dimmalætting* of Thorshavn, a meagre collection of pickings from the European papers of the latest mail. He is not a friend to town life, which tends inevitably — in his opinion — towards the bottle and other iniquities; and, but for the reputed honor of the thing, he would have declined to be nominated as his neighbors' representative for the summer in Thorshavn. To be sure, he gets two crowns — two shillings and threepence — a day for the fifty or sixty days of the session, and a hundred crowns in cash are not to be despised in a poor country like Faroe. But, as counterpoise, how knows he what is taking place in his farm, twenty miles away as the crow flies? No wonder he does not look as contented as a man who is to help in the government of his fellow-men ought to look.

Here is another gentleman, whose farming profession nature has stamped oddly upon his visage. He has a face as dark

as mahogany, but a bald head almost ivory-white for color; and the partition between the white and brown is as decided as if he had been painted by hand. Another is lobster-red from his shirt-collar upwards until the tangle of his bushy hair hides his head. He is endued with a white linen shirt, and at intervals savagely assails his cuffs, which are too long for him, and pushes them with severity far up his sleeves. A third gentleman, remarkable for the modesty of his comportment, has a wen on his forehead like a decoration, and a similar wen on the back of his bald head, while a fourth is as untamed in appearance as if he had lived in a forest without social intercourse for a score of years. This last member is singular in other respects. He wears a loose blue woollen jacket and black trousers, and his hair falls over his shoulders in thick, yellow-brown, curling wisps. His face does not inspire respect or affection. And the way in which certain of the other delegates, while and after shaking his hand, scrutinize his hair, his coat, and his legs, is very eccentric. He does not meet their gaze, but submits to it. Probably something is wrong with him, in mind, body, or circumstances, or he may be exceedingly averse to politics in spite of his election into the Lagthing, and not sufficiently philosophic to conceal his aversion.

My little boy-guide had said the Lagthing's men were not fine to see, but he was wrong.

The governor now entered the room with his cocked hat in his hand, and greeted his colleagues one by one. In all they numbered about twenty, inclusive of the dean as head of the clergy, and the four sysselmen or district magistrates and revenue officers of the isles.

The ceremony of opening the Lagthing session was unaccompanied by any pomp. The governor read the royal proclamation, and then gave the lead in a Hip! hip! of loyalty, which the members and the two-score Faroese in the gallery continued somewhat weakly and formally. A resolution of some kind being then put before the members, tellers were nominated, and strips of paper distributed for voting purposes. Consequent upon this, it was highly funny to see the air with which one or two of the gentlemen approached their papers, pen in hand. One in particular, having frowned and lifted his heavy eyebrows in a plaintive way, drew his pen up and down over the paper fifteen or twenty times before he would venture a

stroke. But when eventually he did begin, he carried the business through in the most frenzied manner, and the result was an autograph as picturesque as the grand Turk's sign-manual. One could see by the light in this gentleman's eyes, the next moment, how happy he was to have got through the ordeal. The papers were collected in a box by a bashful teller; announcement of the success of the resolution was made; and shortly afterwards King Christian's obedient servants were dissolved for the day.

"Well," said my landlady, on my return to the house, "is it not like something you have never yet seen before? Is it not a sight?"

My landlady and her words were irresistible; it was impossible not to laugh.

"What for you laugh?" she questioned heatedly, the next moment; "you think we have not much that we are to be proud of in Faroe? Why, I have been in Shetland for two weeks once, and I will tell you I have seen nothing to be compared to our Faroe Lagthing—nothing at all; and Shetland is a larger country than Faroe. But I know well how it will be. You like the supper better than the Parliament, because you understand it better. A speech with a wineglass in her hand, is more pleasant than one without, and it goes more to the heart!"

After this cruel stroke of railery, my landlady withdrew, securing herself from the chance of discomfiture in argument by a positive retreat.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

THIS celebrated literary book-club was instituted in Edinburgh in the year 1823, its object being the selection and printing of rare and valuable historical and literary documents and works relating to Scottish affairs and antiquities. Many curious literary gems, consisting of unique manuscripts, chartularies of monastic and religious houses, early records, old Scottish poetry, memoirs, histories, diaries, letters, etc., together with other scarce literature relating to Scottish matters, were known to be hidden away in family charter chests, private repositories, and libraries, which, if printed, would afford important and profitable information on historical and other subjects, but as then existing, were practically unattainable. George Bannatyne, whose name was chosen for this the first

literary book-club in Scotland, was born in the year 1545, his father being a writer in Edinburgh. George was engaged in mercantile business, and seems to have been an ardent admirer of old Scottish poetry. He even wrote verses himself; but his celebrated collection of ancient poetry is the work on which his fame rests, and for the inheritance of which his posterity ought ever to feel grateful. The circumstances under which the work was completed were somewhat remarkable. In September, 1568, the plague, which then occasionally visited Scotland, broke out in Edinburgh, causing terror and alarm, and sweeping away large numbers of the population. Bannatyne, at this time only twenty-three years of age, in order if possible to shun the plague, retired into seclusion to await its departure, but whether in Edinburgh or elsewhere has not been ascertained. To utilize his time to advantage, he had resolved to make a compilation of the old poetry of Scotland; and many valuable relics of past times were by this means saved to posterity, the manuscript transcripts being now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The Bannatyne manuscript became a family heirloom, and as such was held by several generations of the compiler's descendants. It was borrowed by Allan Ramsay for the purpose of selecting from its pages materials for his collection known as "The Evergreen," published in 1724; and Lord Hailes also published a small volume containing some of its treasures in 1770. Two years later, by the liberality of the third Lord Hyndford, it was finally deposited in the Advocates' Library. The volumes have since been used by numerous compilers for the purpose of making extracts, and the whole has lately been carefully transcribed and printed for the members of the Hunterian Club, an institution formed in Glasgow several years ago. The Bannatyne Club was formed on February 15, 1823. Sir Walter Scott was its first president, and continued to occupy that office till his death in 1832. Following the plan of the Roxburghe Club, the membership was limited to thirty-one, with an annual subscription of four guineas. In course of time, however, applications for admission became so numerous that the number of members was gradually increased to one hundred, the subscription being raised to five guineas. It was arranged that the paper to be used for the books printed for the club should be made from private moulds, having an appropriate device or water-mark, by

which these works could be identified. The club pursued its labors till the year 1861, when it was brought to a termination, after having produced one hundred and sixteen works of various kinds, forming upwards of one hundred and sixty volumes. These works, issued in quarto size, were carefully and ably edited, and many were compiled with great difficulty from unique manuscripts, requiring much patience and skill in transcribing. The collection includes chartularies of the abbeys of St. Andrews, Kelso, Melrose, Dunfermline, Brechin, Moray, Dryburgh, Aberbrothock, Inchaffery, etc., all being of vast interest, as affording rich historical information and excellent materials for illustrating ancient laws and national usages, names and pedigrees of old families, transmission of land, habits, and modes of life, etc. A brief reference to some of the principal works issued by the club will at once show the nature of the whole series, and the practical value of such an institution. "The Ragman Rolls" (a term of uncertain origin) are the rolls or records of homage done by the Scottish nobility to King Edward I. in 1296. "The Discoverie and Historie of the Gold Mines in Scotland," 1619, a most singular work, which furnishes a complete and instructive history of the mining schemes which agitated the whole of Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "The Black Book of Taymouth," a reproduction of "a curious genealogical history compiled in 1598 by Mr. William Bowie, and dedicated to Sir Duncan Campbell, ninth lord of Glenurquhay;" together with bonds of manrent, inventories, extracts from courtbooks, muster rolls, and original letters, from the year 1570 to 1619. Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials," a remarkable work, compiled from original ancient records and manuscripts, embracing an extraordinary variety of cases which engaged the attention of the Scottish tribunals from 1488 to 1624. "The Darien Papers," being a selection of original letters and official documents relating to the establishment of a colony at Darien by the company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, 1695-1700. The work contains a plan of the harbor at the Isthmus of Darien, and facsimile of signatures, etc. "Collection of Ancient Scottish Prophecies," in alliterative verse, a remarkably curious work, reprinted from the rare edition of 1603. "The Regalia of Scotland," a collection of interesting papers connected therewith, from 1621 to 1818.